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THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

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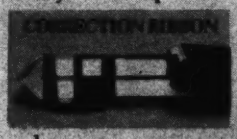

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BEHIND THE SCENES

"Right after Patty Hearst was kidnapped," says Roger Rapoport, who wrote the cover story for this issue of NEW TIMES, "I, like every other reporter in San Francisco, went hunting for Steve Weed—with no luck at all. Then, on a hunch, I called someone I knew who had taught with him, and Weed happened to be staying at his house."

Rapoport seized upon that bit of good fortune and parlayed it into a reportorial coup. Among his friends Weed opened up, and a good deal of the pent-up frustrations and anxieties of the preceding weeks came out. The result was an Insider Special Report written by Roger for NEW TIMES two issues back (April 5), in which Weed disclosed his disagreements with the Hearsts over the food distribution program and his own assessment of the Hearsts' politics.

Since then, Roger has come to know Weed much better. "He was supposed to be a very weird guy," he says, "but I like him. He's very relaxed and thoughtful—just a very good guy. The only way you can tell he's particularly concerned is when he stops eating.

"The pressure on the guy has just been unbelievable. Everywhere he goes someone has an opinion on this thing. Particularly the reporters. He'll go down for a five-minute interview and the reporter will lecture him for a half hour on what Patty's thinking."

Roger's story in this issue is based on weeks of special access to Weed. In it, he describes in detail the mounting desperation of the Hearst family as it became clear that Patty was not about to be released by the SLA as originally promised.

Roger, who comes from Michigan, has been living and working in the Bay area for six years and has attracted particular notice for his medical reporting. An earlier NEW TIMES Rapoport exposé on the business of patient-buying by some California hospitals has opened up investigations into the practice by the California State Health Department and the L.A. County Health Department, as well as H.E.W.'s Social Security Division.

But for the moment, Roger is completely involved in the Hearst case. "It's a strange thing," he says, "but when the kidnapping first happened I thought it was being overplayed. I remember telling a friend, 'Sure it's important, but they're covering it like it's the first moon landing.' " He smiles at the thought. "I guess that shows what kind of news judgment I have."

Roger Rapoport

George A. Hirsch

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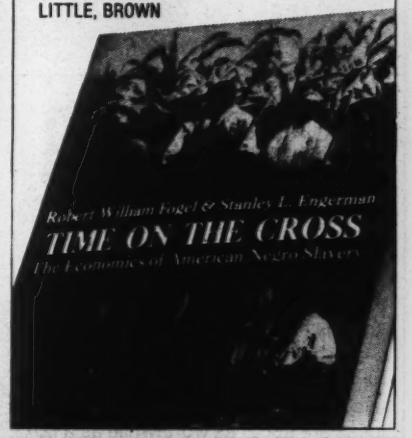

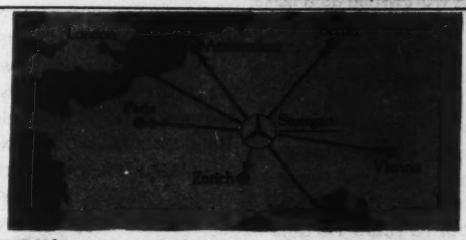

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LETTERS

Energy: the dried-up raisin statement

From the smart-ass tone of the article "Alternate energy pipe dreams," the universe might just as well go back to flint-scraping.

I really resent the implication that the energy-innovators in the story were just a little bit bent. They hunch over Brobdingnagian sketches, snap rubber bands and dance their black bushy eyebrows as though they and their ideas are about as worthwhile as a box of old dried-up raisins. I wish I could have shared your glee over the fact that an 8-ton blade on a generator broke and was never replaced.

By the way, someone is "shoveling shit in one end and getting gas out of the other." Mr. John Fry of Santa Barbara has been "doing it with methane" for about 15 years. He gets laughed at, too. Too bad.

I'm not really mad at you. But your story sure angered me a lot.

Have a nice warm spring. I like your magazine a lot.

Ben Plummer
De Kalb, Illinois

Editor's Note: Mr. Fry had been "doing it" in South Africa. He is now in California and no longer "doing it" with methane.

Hellfire & brimstone

I was listening to our local Religion and Patriotism Station: KODY in Spokane, Wisc., when Brother Roloff and his manly Amen chorus and his echo chambers moved his conversation around to a denunciation of the NEW TIMES article about him (Jan. 25, 1974).

"If this article had been written around the turn of the century, the Ku Klux Klan would have taken care of all you 'free lance sinners' especially the 'Little Lady' who is trying to do a 'man's job.' "

As a devoted subscriber (keeper of back issues of your magazine), I think you hit a sensitive Nerve at the Family Altar."

Keep up the good work!

Stephanie Jo Webb
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

Sow's ear department

I was interested to see your note in the recent issue of *NEW TIMES* (April 5) that "The CBS television news operation has now pulled decisively ahead of NBC in network news, specials, ratings for the flagship stations in New York and now magazine journalism."

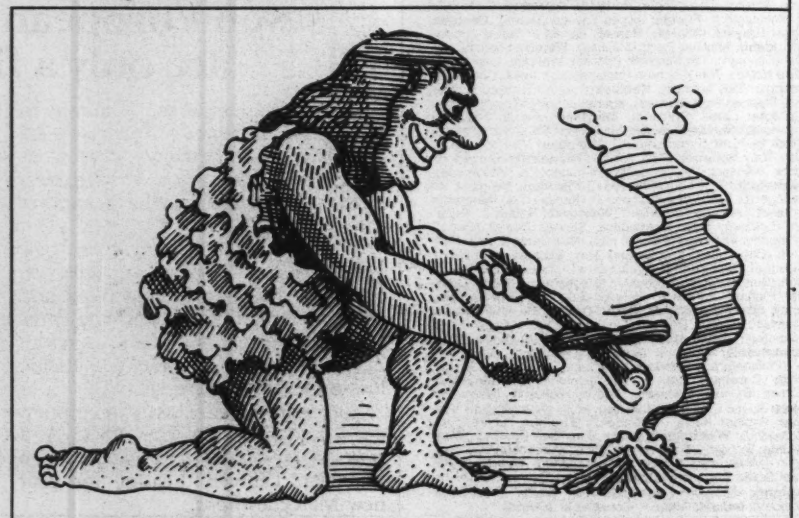
You may be unaware of the fact that the *NBC Nightly News* now is regularly beating Mr. Cronkite. The first section of your magazine points out that the *Today* program regularly beats the *CBS Morning News*. Our prime time specials and documentaries normally do as well as CBS's (I'm not sure whether we beat them or not; I think so).

You're quite right that we are not, as we are in Los Angeles, Washington and Chicago, beating CBS in New York, but I suspect we will correct that.

And you are also quite right in saying that *60 Minutes* is a good magazine. It is not only a good magazine but CBS should properly be commended (as long as you are handing out inaccurate commendations) for having had the sense to put the kind of resources steadfastly into what had been thought a poor time period and making a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Richard C. Wald
President
NBC News

Editor's Note: John Chancellor's recent success over Cronkite was noted in our following issue. We hope that, too, is not an inaccurate commendation.



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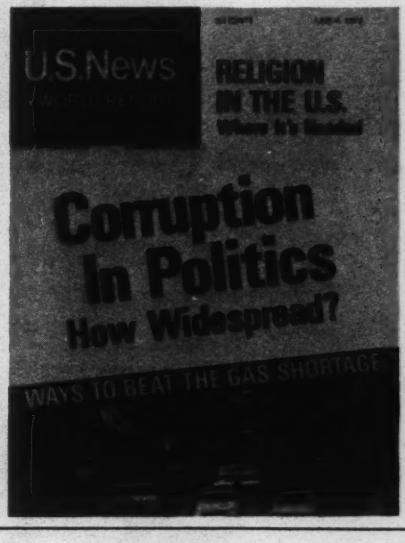

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False grit?

THE WORD

Wayne: tall in the saddle

John Wayne's left lung may not be missing after all. If so, his celebrated cancer-licking operation was a fake. How else to explain the 20-year cover-up? The question now is: what did John Wayne have and when did he have it removed—if ever?

In 1954 the star patient called a press conference to announce that doctors cut out his entire left breather and two ribs for the sake of a malignant tumor the size "of a baby's fist." After a three-week hospital stay and another three weeks' rest at home, Wayne was back in the saddle, drinking and fishing. His recovery seemed spectacular. (The ten-year survival rate for lung cancer is only 6 percent.)

At the time, cancer victims begged their surgeons for the "John Wayne operation." But the details were never released. Wayne's medical files have always been unavailable—even to cancer specialists.

For some time there has been suspicion among West Coast doctors that Wayne perhaps exaggerated the nature and extent of his surgery. That suspicion has now been raised again in a new Wayne biography, *Shooting Star*, about to be released by Simon and Schuster. The author, Maurice Zolowtow, first poses the questions about Wayne's operation and then tries to dismiss them with the suggestion that Wayne inhabits "a dimension of being, as Churchill and Stravinsky and Picasso and Chaplin, peopled by supernormal creatures." Perhaps, but even Churchill had the advantage of two lungs, as filled as they were by cigar smoke.

Dan Rather, CBS's ascendant White House correspondent, wasn't always the imperturbable fellow he is today. Behind that stern "Don't tread on me" image once lurked a pretty scared kid. The wonder is that Anthony Ulasewicz didn't get this embarrassing story out before.

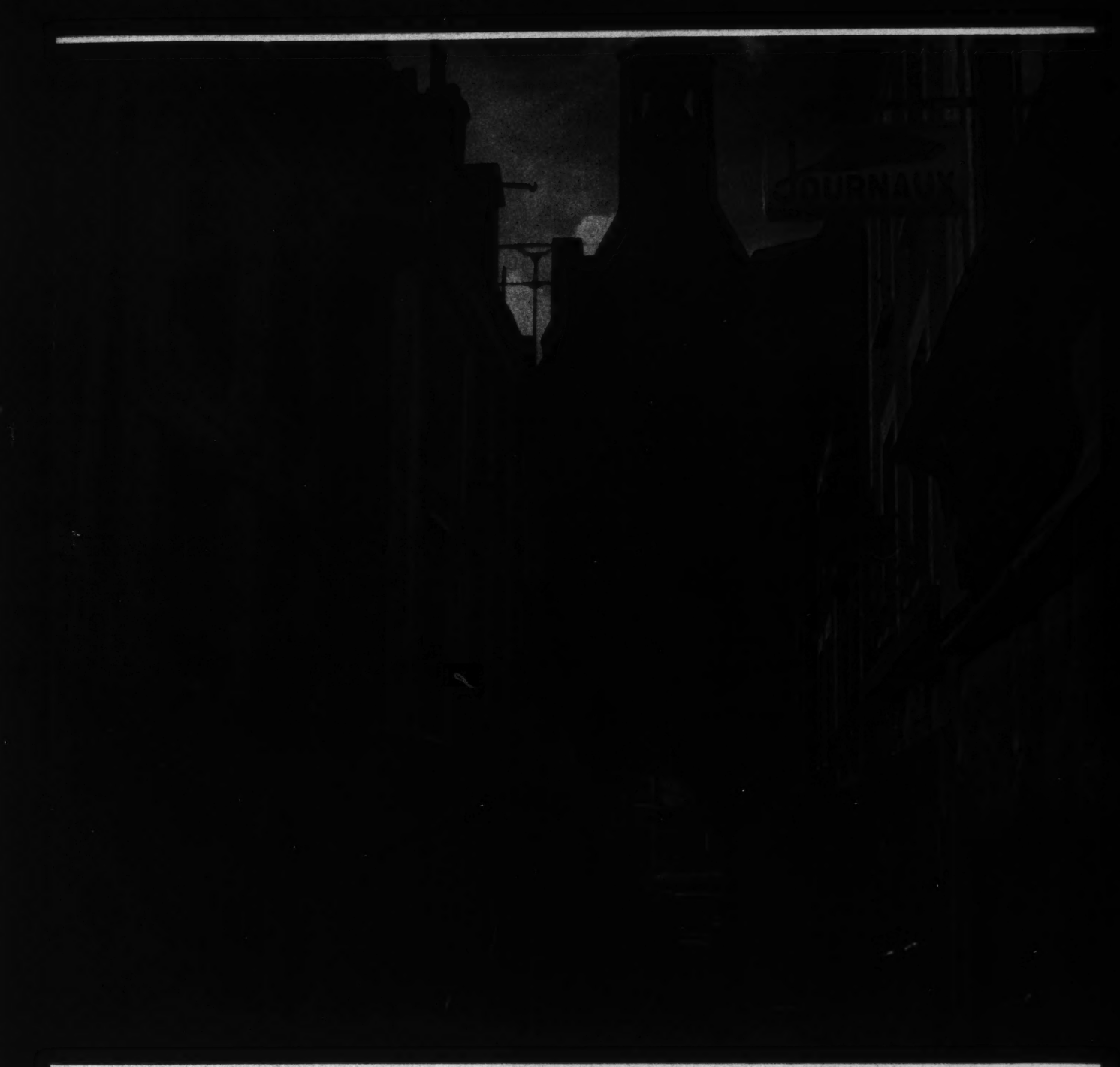
To wit: Young Rather was extremely nervous his first night as anchorman on Houston's KHOU-TV in 1960. He was fixated on the opening and closing cues. When he saw the film clip of a Redstone missile firing on the monitor, he knew he was on the air. When the rocket fired again, he was supposed to sign off. All Rather had to do was keep an eye on the monitor and he couldn't miss.

Rather: Was my face red!

With everything going according to plan, Rather introduced the first film piece—an interview with the mayor. Only the good mayor never appeared. Instead, Rather watched incredulously as the Redstone blasted off prematurely on the monitor screen. An equally edgy new director had punched up the wrong film. The anchorman was dying. What would he do in the instant he had to decide? Exactly as he was instructed. "And that's the CBS news for tonight. This is Dan Rather signing off. Goodnight."

Forty-five seconds into the show and it was all over.

Faced with the details of the incident, Rather admitted his mistake. However, he would neither confirm nor deny the Houston caper was his worst moment on television.



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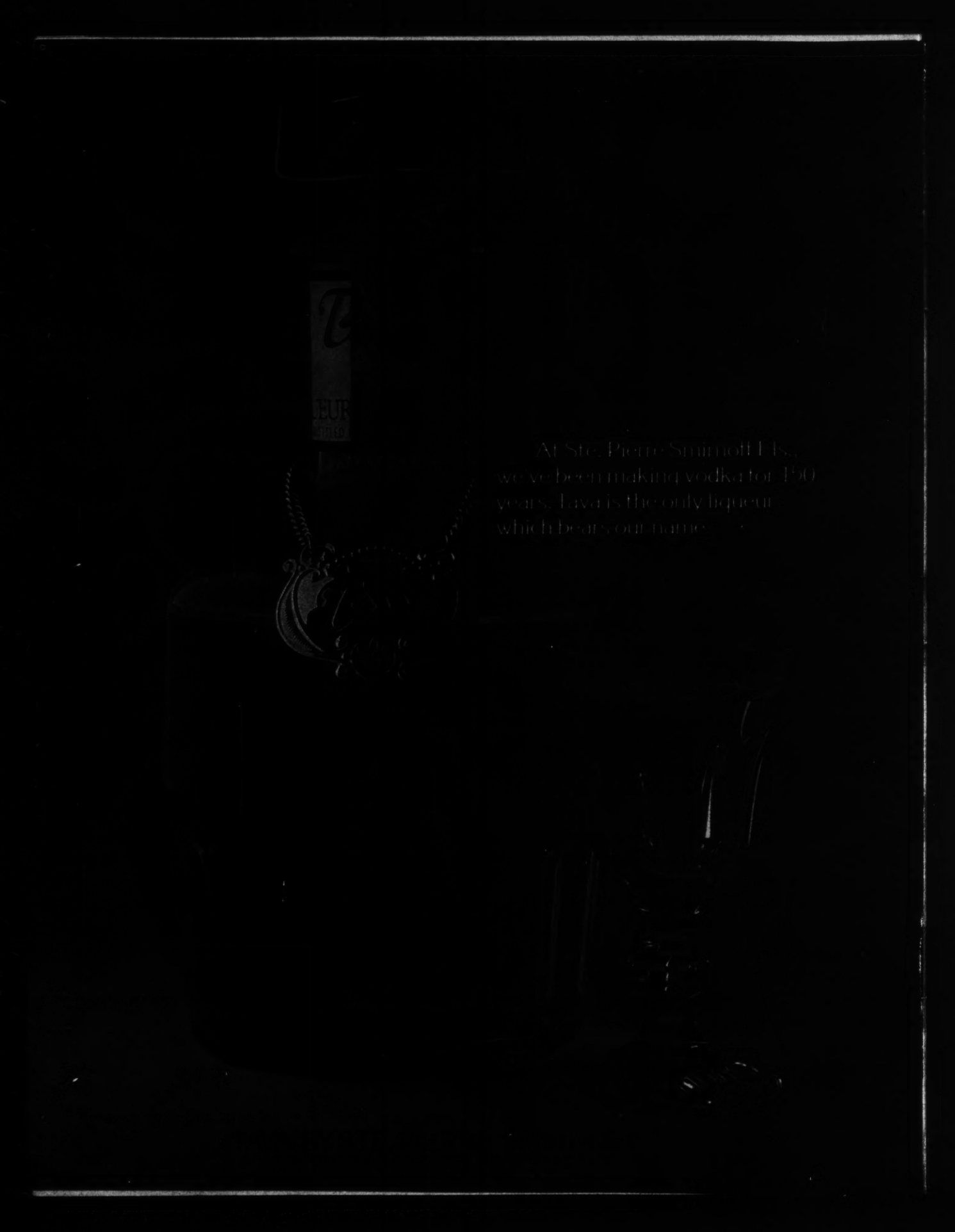
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Barbara Seagull, née Hershey, is promoting her new film, *Love Comes Quietly*, as the first movie ever made by an actress six-months pregnant. Because Hollywood has avoided hiring pregnant women, actresses like Olivia Hussey (*Lost Horizon*) and Mia Farrow (*The Great Gatsby*) have hidden their pending motherhood until their films' production was also on the way.

But, says Miss Seagull, writer-director Nikolai van der Heyde did not hesitate to hire her for his Belgium-Holland coproduction, even though Miss Seagull was big with David Carradine's child. Van der Heyde's only problem was in tracking down Barbara after seeing her in *Last Summer*: letters addressed to Barbara Hershey were returned to him by the Screen Actors Guild marked "unknown." Miss Hershey changed her name to "Seagull" after she felt possessed by the spirit of a dead seagull she inadvertently killed during the filming of *Last Summer*.

Barbara: baby talk

Reports that Ms. Seagull accidentally stepped on a cockroach during the shooting of her latest film, and is thus considering another name change, are being denied.

Max Scherr, editor-publisher of the Berkeley *Barb*, one of the first major underground newspapers in the U.S., seems to have gone subterranean himself. Since last November, Scherr has shown his bearded face in the University Avenue office for only a moment or two. Postcards have arrived there sporadically with Scherr's signature affixed from Switzerland, Greece, Maryland and, most recently, Hawaii.

What started as a vacation has been extended indefinitely by a lawsuit filed by Scherr's common-law wife, Jane Peters. The couple stopped living together as man and wife last January, and Jane is now filing for her share of the *Barb*, which she helped to turn into a lucrative publication.

Estimated worth of the weekly is $1 million, with the main source of revenue being advertising from Berkeley-area massage parlors. Scherr—for whom the massage is the medium—might do well to avoid the magic fingers of the law.

Not mollified by the Oscar he won for the screenplay *The Exorcist*, **William Peter Blatty** is blaming **George Cukor** for the failure of the Academy to award any other major Oscars to the film. Blatty contends that Cukor's open dislike of *The Exorcist* influenced the Academy's decision not to grant the movie a citation for its special effects—a decision that then influenced the Academy membership at large when the regular awards were voted upon.

But *The Exorcist* also failed to be deified elsewhere. The Directors Guild of America honored *The Sting*'s George Roy Hill rather than *The Exorcist*'s Billy Friedkin, and the Writers Guild passed over Blatty to single out Waldo Salt and Norman Wexler for their adaptation of *Serpico*. Even the Count Dracula Society ignored *The Exorcist* in its annual Mrs. Ann Radcliffe Awards and instead chose William Marshall's work in the title role of *Blacula* as being closer to its heart.

Blatty: no sympathy for the Devil

The casting couch has been replaced by streaking as the quickest shortcut to celebrity. **Robert Opel**—whose in-the-buff appearance at the Academy Awards was the evening's only sensation— is already planning a career in show business. He has recently been booked to appear on *The Mike Douglas Show* while he is in Philadelphia for an engagement at the cafe Erlanger. The 33-year-old streaker, who claimed to be a self-employed advertising man operating his own "Fey Way" agency, not long ago streaked by invitation at a party in Los Angeles given by Ann-Margret's manager. Donning a gold cape and matching jock strap, Opel mingled with the likes of guest of honor Marvin Hamlisch, Bianca Jagger and Rudolf Nureyev. That, of course, was carrying coals to Newcastle. Nureyev himself had streaked in a series of still photographs for *Vogue* as early as 1967.

Streaker: Your show of shows

"I don't know if they'll call me Uncle Miltie anymore after reading this book," said former TV kingpin **Milton Berle** during a recent stopover in New York. The book in question is *Milton Berle: An Autobiography* (co-authored by the 65-year-old comic and Haskel Frankel), which Delacorte will bring out in October. "A lot of things in the book may hurt a lot of people," Berle says. "It's not that show-biz cliche shit." Berle goes heavily into his personal life (the 510 hours of dictating his recollections "strained and dredged" him, he says) with special emphasis on his mother, who "became my father and wife as well as mother—without incest." He also ruminates about the errors he has made in his career—such as turning down leading roles in the original Broadway productions of *South Pacific, Guys and Dolls, The Music Man* and *A Funny Thing*—and looks back with something less than ecstasy on his TV heyday. "I've got six Emmys," says Uncle Miltie. "If you melt them all down, you can eat them."

Nixon's disability option; rustling on the rise; and *Playboy* takes another big step for mankind

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

Nixon's third option

Among those who make it their business to keep tabs on Congress—in particular, the professional lobbyists—the consensus now is that the Judiciary Committee and later the House of Representatives will most likely vote to impeach Nixon. So the speculation now focuses on what Nixon will do after the House impeachment vote and, should he decide to "tough it out," which way the Senate will vote.

The two obvious schools of thought on Nixon are: 1) he will resign in order to spare the country the ordeal of an impeachment trial; 2) given his never-quit tenacity, he will hang in there. Washington splits right down the middle on this one. But recently a new theory has emerged, based on the little known disability provision in the 25th Amendment. Under the clause, Nixon could temporarily step down from the Presidency if he felt he was unable to perform his duties. In the meantime, subject to congressional approval, Vice President Ford would take over as Acting President.

Why would Nixon do this? Because, so the theory goes, if Nixon steps aside under the disability provision, he might be able to work out a deal with the Senate to drop the impeachment trial as a quid pro quo. There would be another advantage as well—Nixon could stall off his return to the status of a private citizen, in which he would be liable for all sorts of civil suits.

But assuming Nixon would rather fight than quit, the question comes down to the 34 senators he will need to block a two-thirds majority vote. Back in January the professionals were saying Nixon had at least 40 sure Senate votes against impeachment—a comfortable cushion of six votes. That number has now dropped to 25. Among others, Republicans Peter Dominick of Colorado, James Buckley of New York, Barry Goldwater of Arizona and Democrat John Sparkman of Alabama have switched from the "sure" to the "uncertain" column.

"Unless something dramatic happens or the evidence on Nixon is something much less than most people think it is," suggests one lobbyist, "the question on impeachment is no longer if but when."

Doar, Rodino, Hutchinson and Jenner: no question what they will do

Richardson's last laugh

The topic of the Yale panel was: Watergate and the Media. The panelists included Anthony Lewis and Seymour Hersh of the New York *Times*, Daniel Schorr of CBS News and Elliot Richardson, formerly of the Nixon gang. After much good-natured academic talk about the right of the press versus the power of the presidency, Anthony Lewis decided to ask a tough question: given the fact that Spiro Agnew had not exactly lived a life of contrition since his hasty departure and if Richardson had it all to do over again, would he have given him the same plea-bargaining deal? Furthermore, Lewis went on, if Richardson were still attorney general, would he give the same plea deal to Nixon that he gave Agnew?

Richardson replied that he did not regret anything about the way he handled the Agnew affair, but that he would not have allowed any plea bargaining in the Nixon case.

Daniel Schorr thought about that answer for a moment, looked Richardson squarely in the eye and said, "Tell me, Mr. Richardson, would you grant the President immunity from prosecution if he were willing to name higher ups?"

Back home on the range

Cattle rustling, long thought to be antiquated behavior and largely confined to TV westerns, appears to be upon us again, spreading like a prairie

fire through the Rocky Mountain States. Latest victims to be hit in this million-dollar business are newborn calves.

"We're having a hell of a time with this baby-calf situation," says William B. Cheney, head of Montana's department of brands and enforcement division. "Thieves just pick 'em up and they're gone." A newborn calf has an immediate value of between $100 and $130. Full grown for market, it is worth six times as much.

The chief brand inspector said highly mobile, modern rustlers in Montana alone may have pilfered more than 1,500 head of cattle last year. Some 2,000 to 3,000 sheep were ripped off in 1973. And if calf stealing isn't bad enough, horse thievery, which used to be a hanging offense, is also on the upswing. Says Cheney, "The horse market is the largest in history. The increase in rustling may be up 25 to 30 percent."

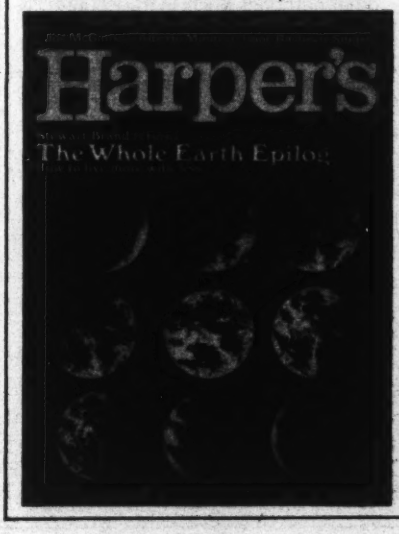
Despite a standing $1,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of cattle rustlers offered by the Montana Stock Growers Association, bounty hunters, unlike the rustlers, seem to be a dead breed.

MEDIA

By John Leo

Harper's nifty little gimmick

Harper's magazine claims it is getting 13 times as much mail, and 25 percent more readers, since it began its Wraparound feature in October of 1972. Wraparound, a special monthly section aimed at getting more direct involvement in the lives and problems of readers, consists of a monthly barrage of short comments on a single subject, plus offers to sell tools and equipment and a plea for mailed reflections from the public.



The section seems to catch some echoes from *The Whole Earth Catalog*, as well as the reader-involvement and reader-servicing theories of Charney and Veronis, the *wunderkinder* who built *Psychology Today* and sank *The Saturday Review*. Now *Harper's* is inviting occasional guest editors to work with them on Wraparound. The first, naturally, was Stewart Brand, who produced *The Whole Earth Epilog* Wraparound for April. Next comes Barry Commoner, who will work on the sun and its uses for the June issue. It's all a long way from Willie Morris, but it seems to be working.

Brand: wraps up an epilog

A soft spot in the press corps

David Halberstam's recent *Esquire* piece makes the useful point that the Washington press corps is unnaturally soft on all presidents and did its level best to remain so under Nixon. All the current indictees in the Nixon inner circle fared very well in the press for more than four years—from the gushing portrait of Ehrlichman in the *New York Times Magazine* (which established his public posture as a dedicated and social-minded quasi-liberal) down to the April, 1973, *Fortune*, which revealed that "for the most part, Nixon's principal aides seem, if anything, overburdened with idealism." Not to mention reverent reporting.

Hearst paranoia

The most interesting paranoid suggestion in the Hearst kidnapping case comes from the fact that Donald DeFreeze (aka Gen. Cinque) spent some time at the Vacaville Medical Facility, the chief West Coast center for mind-bending, Clockwork-Orange experimenting with prisoners. Could DeFreeze have undergone one of these ordeals at Vacaville and returned the favor to Patty Hearst? The far-out National Caucus of Labor Committees, in its leaflets and newspaper, *Solidarity*, insists that DeFreeze was programmed by the CIA, allowed to escape and set up for an escapade to discredit the left. They are silent on whether Patty was brainwashed, though the picture with the machine gun and the strange final tape are something to think about.

Hef: baring the old in-out

Playboy gets down to the nitty-gritty

A few months ago in *Rolling Stone*, Nat Lehrman, the editor of *Oui*, told Anthony Haden-Guest, "I would have no objection—and I don't think Hefner would either—to running good fucking shots in *Oui*. *If* we thought we could do it tastefully, in a good-looking way. And not shock our readers. *And* not get arrested."

Word from the Playboy Building in Chicago is that one of the Hefner publications is now readying a debut for photos of couples copulating. Says one editor, "The pictures of the flaming, radiant creatures—sublimely fluid in their love-making—is perhaps the highest form of erotica I have ever seen to date." Let's hope so.

SPECIAL REPORT

When the police rolled up at Irvine, California, in the state's largest drug bust, residents cheered and asked, "What took you so long?"

By Mike McFadden

The process of life can be as important to everyday happiness as shelter itself.
—From an Irvine Company advertisement

The raid began in broad daylight; the narcs were dressed, under orders, in muftis—coats and ties—so as to project the proper image in the community. No juvenile arrests were made after 10 p.m. The city council and school board were briefed about the raid and told to expect "mommy and daddy" problems, and the policemen were told to treat the sons and daughters of the aerospace executives with the kind of dignity that might be wasted on street hypes or hippies. Yet . . . make no mistake: the Man had come to Irvine.

In the largest drug bust in the history of California, more than 100 policemen and narcs from all over Southern California swept through the planned community with 130 warrants for arrest and juvenile citations. By the next afternoon, 90 suspects, most of them young, were in jail charged with taking or selling dangerous drugs, ranging from marijuana to PCP and LSD.

Irvine, with a population of 30,000, hadn't taken long to come to urban grief; the city had been incorporated only 27 months. Those who live in the City of Irvine are mostly the families of middle- and upper-middle-class executives who fled the troubles of other cities in order to bring up their children in the way, as one Irvine ad puts it, "Southern California should be." The land, which once was the 88,000-acre Irvine Ranch, covers fully one-third of Southern California's Orange County. Still mostly undeveloped, it is considered to be the most valuable piece of privately owned property in the world.

Much ballyhooed in the early 1960s, the developers offered, according to its master planner, William L. Pereira, "an unequaled opportunity for the orderly creation of a true city, allowing a social and economic mix from all levels of society, and a sophisticated setting for an important university, rather than a collection of suburban subdivisions clustered around a shopping center."

The University of California at Irvine opened in 1965, and today has 7,500 students. But the surrounding community, rather than offering the vitality of New York without the ghettos and the strength of Chicago without the stockyards, as the planners had envisioned, is, indeed, a collection of suburban subdivisions clustered around shopping centers.

Because of rising land values and taxes, the Irvine Company has had to use the expensive property for the best payoff, and even though they spend as much as $50,000 a year advertising to blacks, few can afford to live there—the prices of homes near the university range from $40,000 to $150,000. In fact, very few of the faculty can afford to live near the university—even if they wanted to.

Those who have been able to afford to move to Irvine are now beginning to wonder if they made the right choice. The discontent among residents, in fact, helped to precipitate the drug raid. When the narcs came, they were neither unexpected nor unwanted.

As a police bus carrying a dozen handcuffed teenagers rolled off from a notorious "party pad," neighbors stood on the sidewalks and cheered. Only a couple of sets of parents even objected strongly, and one man, seemingly aware that his statement was the admission of the defeat of a dream, said: "I don't like to see this, but what the hell took you guys so long?"

What took the narcs so long was the gathering of evidence. The team (made up of the neighboring Costa Mesa Police Department, under contract to Irvine to provide police protection; the Orange County Narcotics Task Force, which last year figured heavily in the arrest of Timothy Leary and dozens of members of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love; and members of the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration) had been working Irvine for three months. A 21-year-old informant was enrolled in University High School, and undercover officers had set up headquarters in neighboring apartments to make buys.

"What amazes me," says a full-bearded Costa Mesa narc who made some of the buys and has worked many other narcotics busts in the county, "is that most of the kids weren't in it for money. Most of them seem to have been dealing just for the excitement."

In these new villages life is more peaceful and fulfilling than in a community that does not have these same planning advantages.
From an Irvine Company advertisement

While the parents may have been attracted to Irvine by its promise of the good life, tranquil surroundings and relief from city pressures, their teenagers seem to think these are exactly the problems with the new community.

One 18-year-old, who has lived there since the first houses were built,

says: "The place is so homogenized, middle-class and blah, the kids really have to hunt for something exciting to do."

For some time hanging around the parking lot at the Alpha Beta shopping center (the kids call it "the store") was the biggest thing to do. "Finally," says one young University High School teacher, "we got a Carls Jr. hamburger stand and the kids can now slouch on the benches there and do nothing. The university doesn't have much either, and those businesses discourage high school kids from coming around. The pool tables and dances at the rec centers and the swimming pools at the community centers just don't make it. These kids need something real and exciting and dangerous to do."

Burglary quickly became a minor problem in the community and has provided some of the thrills. ("You can get the floor plan of any house you want from the sales office," says one adept 15-year-old.) Another, who recently stole a case of Mums champagne and sold each bottle for a dollar, says that given a six-second head start he can lose anybody on the greenbelts which crisscross the city and that he can travel a block without coming off a rooftop. ("That's probably better than you can do in Chicago or Detroit.")

The greenbelts themselves, the panacea offered by planners for combining the urban and rural, are often populated by roving teenagers. "Sometimes I think I'm looking down on Central Park," says one older resident.

But drug dealing still seems to be the most dangerous game. Teachers and students alike at University High School estimate that 80 percent of the 2,700 students use or deal in drugs. Parents, students, teachers and police all accept that there will be experimentation with and use of marijuana, and none seem too concerned. Yet the drug programs tend to treat marijuana and the hard drugs the same. "We start out giving the kids a lecture about the evil of drugs," says one teacher, "and then we lump marijuana with everything else. Well, from that point on they don't believe us—we don't even believe ourselves—because most of them have smoked it and they know they haven't grown fangs."

"It's the hard drugs that are really getting out of hand," says a 17-year-old marijuana smoker. "The hot thing is what everybody calls 'T' (for THC, the synthetic version of marijuana's psychoactive ingredient) and whites." Whites used to be called "speed" (methamphetamine), but since there has been an active campaign against this drug ("Speed kills"), the kids now just call them "whites." "If I were a dealer," says this young man, "and I could get the supply, I could sell a jar [1,000 tablets] a day just at high school."

The lack of hardened criminals led to the professional smoothness of the bust. "It was like a goddamn cherry patch," says an undercover narc. "One of our informants blew his cover early in the game, yet he went on buying with no problems." A long-haired 16-year-old son of an advertising executive, charged with three counts of selling methamphetamine to an officer, added a poignant note: "I guess I really knew he was a narc, but it really didn't matter. He was a cool guy and when he asked me if I could get him some whites I said yes, as much as he wanted. He looked like a Hells Angel and I wanted him to like me."

Although most of the young offenders—if convicted—face up to one year in California Youth Authority camps, and those over 18 will stand trial on felony drug raps, none seems to be taking it too seriously. Most feel they will get off with lesser pleas and suffer only informal probation. The parents, most of whom have retained lawyers rather than use the public defender, tend to feel the same. The attitude is expressed by the mayor, Gabrielle Pryor, who said: "Our community got a spanking—which we deserved."

A reporter who covered the story from the beginning says: "It was like watching a game of cops and robbers where the cops were real and the robbers pretend."

But the kids weren't pretending. "Dope is everything," says one 18-year-old. "It's an escape from the bullshit at home, there's an identification—it's status to do dope—and it's an easy way to get into sex. You get a 14-year-old chick loaded on PCP and she doesn't know who she's fucking. Parents just don't know how to understand a kid's feeling for his dope."

If a parent doesn't understand his kid's feeling about dope, the Irvine Company certainly doesn't either. As one rather unhappy executive mused last week, "All the kids want to talk street talk and be tough. The trouble is we don't have any streets—just culs-de-sac, lanes and parkways. We tried to order these communities so they worked, but maybe there are things in society you just can't order." ●

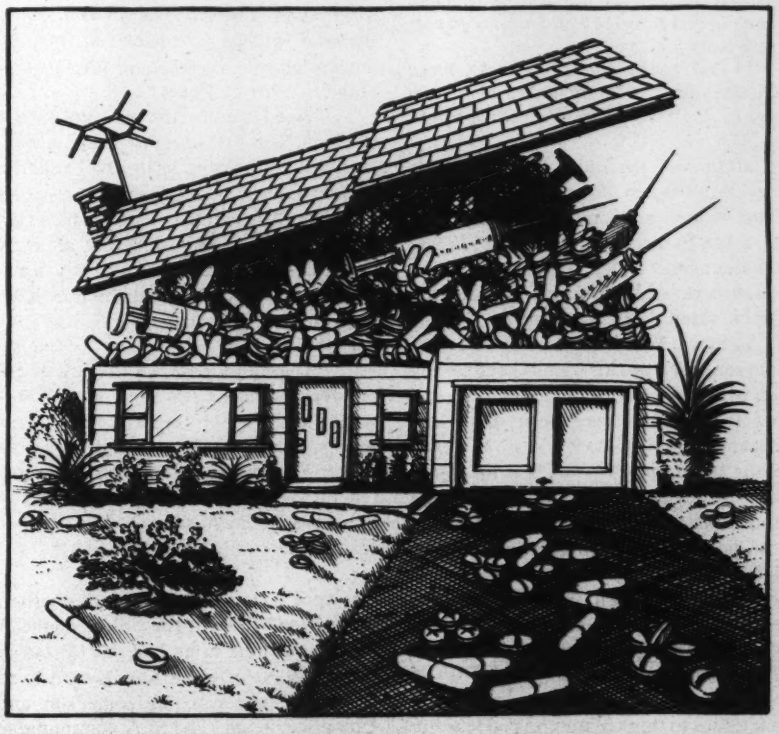


ILLUSTRATION BY JAN FAUST

On the "Tania" Trail

With Steve Weed, radicals, psychics and the FBI

By Roger Rapoport

The night Patty Hearst was dragged half naked from her Berkeley apartment, the Symbionese Liberation Army left her fiance, Steve Weed, punched, beaten and bleeding. It was just the beginning of the punishment the 26-year-old philosophy student was about to take. He recovered from his beating only to be wounded much deeper—by the April 3rd tape in which Patty announced she was dropping him and her family to join the SLA.

Weed felt he could no longer sit by and watch the antics of the Hearst parents or the FBI. He had to do something himself. And so the formerly apolitical Weed began a desperate round of negotiations with different radical leaders on the West Coast. Desperation quickly lurched into panic when the FBI reported Patty had taken part in the bank robbery.

During these turbulent weeks, Weed confided many of his thoughts, plans and fears to Roger Rapoport. Here is his report.

All afternoon, the radio drums out the story: At 9:50 a.m., four carbine-carrying white women and one black man burst into a San Francisco bank, stuffed $10,960 into their bags and made their getaway. The suspects are allegedly members of the Symbionese Liberation Army.

Steve Weed refuses to take this story seriously. But his friends keep calling him with new rumors about the robbery—that Patty might have been in on the crime. For almost two weeks he has been telling these same friends that he feared the SLA might try to set up Patty in some kind of suicide mission. But now, somehow, he can't believe that even the fanatical SLA would risk themselves for a meager $10,960. After all, these are the same revolutionaries who have been shrugging off a $4-million ransom offer from the Hearst Corporation.

In any case, Steve has more important things to think about today. He wants to get in touch with certain prisoners on the slim hope that they might have ideas on how to free Patty. About 6:30 in the evening, he stops by the ramshackle offices of the listener-sponsored KPFA radio station to beg off an interview he no longer has time for. One of the blue-jeaned staff members asks whether he thinks the SLA had any part in the morning's bank robbery. "I dismissed it entirely," Steve says.

At 7:12 p.m., however, bells begin to go off on the AP wire machine. The radio staff crowds around the teletype to read the story as it prints out:

"Bulletin—San Francisco—newspaper heiress Patricia Hearst was named a 'material witness' in a bank robbery here this morning by a complaint filed in San Francisco District Court."

Weed pushes his way up to the machine. The FBI had just issued a warrant for Patty's arrest, setting bail at half a million dollars. Warrants were also issued for three SLA members. The bank's surveillance cameras showed that an SLA member was holding a gun on Patty, leading officials to suspect that she may have been coerced into taking part in the robbery.

The radio reporters rush off to get the story on the air. But Steve Weed keeps staring at the ticker. He starts to feel nauseous. No longer is Patty simply a kidnap victim. Now the SLA has turned her into a federal fugitive, an outlaw to be hunted by hundreds of lawmen in a door-to-door search.

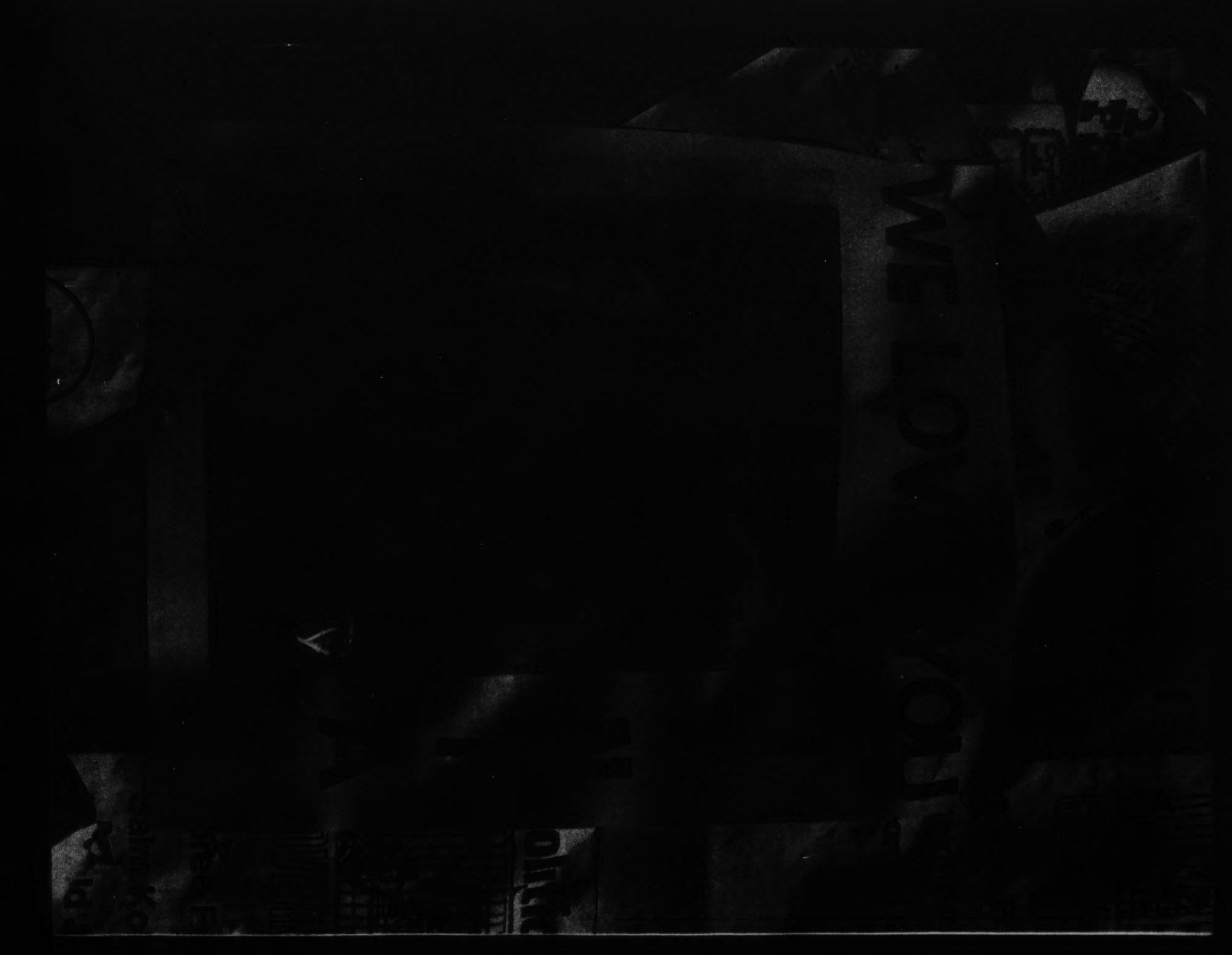
On April 2, less than two weeks earlier, Steve Weed thought the ordeal might finally be coming to an end. He sat out in the backyard of some friends who lived near San Jose, catching some sun and eating ice cream. The SLA communique promising to announce the time and place of Patty's release within 72 hours had just come over the news. At first he was skeptical. But then he started to believe it. Maybe the SLA really was going to let her go. For the first time in weeks, Steve regained a normal appetite. And he even allowed himself to think about how he could rebuild his life with Patty.

In the two years since they had moved into their Berkeley apartment together, they had been almost inseparable. Except for a handful of close friends, Steve and Patty seldom went out to see anyone. Now Steve was thinking how nice it would be to return to that quiet life, where the day's biggest challenge used to be finding a vacant tennis court.

But the next day, Weed got a call from Bob Joffee, the Washington *Post* Berkeley stringer. There had been a new taped communique from the SLA. On the tape Patty said some things about how her love had expanded beyond him, that she was in effect dropping him to join the SLA. "I've become conscious and can never go back to the life we led before," she said in an all too convincing voice.

Weed immediately changed into his one good yellow shirt he saved for press conferences. He threw the rest of his clothes into a vinyl handbag, climbed into his green VW bug, and began the half-hour drive to the Hearst mansion in Hillsborough. As he drove past the electronic factories and missile plants, Weed was shaking. What hurt wasn't just the fact that Patty was running off on him before the whole country. Rather he was terrified that the case had suddenly taken a 180 degree turn—and he didn't have the slightest idea why.

As this handbill on a Berkeley bulletin board shows, Patty Hearst has become the new radical heroine.



When he got to the Hearst home, he drove by the press corps camped outside and slipped in through a side entrance. Patty's parents, in a state of shock, greeted him perfunctorily. They sat down in the luxurious house that had been on the market for six months prior to the kidnapping. Had it not been for Patty's plight, the real estate people would doubtless be showing through prospective buyers. But now the home was a command post where Steve and the Hearsts worked on their press statements. After Mr. and Mrs. Hearst had their say, Steve stepped up to the microphones. He said he thought the SLA should release Patty so she could at least confirm that she had made a genuine decision to join them. Then, his eyes starting to water on him, he said something that was just between Patty and him, something he had told her many times in private before where it didn't matter how it sounded: "I just want Patty to know I love her as much as ever."

He turned and walked back into the house that he had now come to know so well.

Weed wonders if he will ever be able to rebuild his life with Patty.

Steve had first moved into the mansion in February, when he was recovering from the head wounds he got the night the SLA ran off with Patty. The home overflowed with well-meaning relatives, friends, neighbors, ministers, FBI agents and other hangers-on. Suggestions on how to free Patty poured in, and a lot of it came from reactionaries and outright cranks who thought the best solution would be to kill or kidnap left-wing leaders one at a time until she was returned. Hearst was furious about the proposals. But worse were the phony ransom calls.

Hearst would have nothing to do with the ransom hustlers, but he was a bit more receptive to a number of psychics who called to say they knew where Patty was. Two were so convincing that he helped make financial arrangements for their visits to San Francisco. And at the same time, ex-astronaut Edgar Mitchell volunteered to coordinate four other psychics through his parapsychology research center in Palo Alto.

Weed and one of Patty's cousins called the psychics "swamis" and assigned each a number to keep them straight. While the Hearst family dealt directly with swamis one through three, Mitchell directed swamis four through seven, both searching for correlations between their results.

Swami One, a well-known psychic personality, was consulted by family members at his Southern California home.

Swami Two won a tryout on the strength of a convincing call from his home in Los Angeles: "I know where she is I feel it, I feel it. I'm coming up, goddamn it. I'll be there in four hours, goddamn it." When he materialized at the front door this seer was immediately ushered in and given his own sleeping quarters. He quickly converted one of the dining room tables into an altar, complete with pictures of Patty and one of her shoes. During the next week he spent much of his time in front of this makeshift shrine, fussing with topological maps and a big compass.

Once he went into a deep trance, flailed his arms and began yelling: "I see it! I feel it! She's here!" Then he opened his eyes and found his finger touching a town like Belmont (population: 23,600). Patty's cousin, who was in the dining room at this climactic moment, congratulated him: "That's great, I'll go tell the FBI." The FBI agent on duty promised to check it out right away. But he never did.

After his first week Swami Two moved to the San Francisco Hilton to continue working on the case. But the psychic ended up spending more time in a stupor than a trance. He checked out after a week with no new leads, leaving Patty's father a $500 bill, including $300 for liquor.

Swami Three came from Nutley, New Jersey. She was accompanied by her husband, her psychiatrist and a policeman. This hard-working team accepted Mr. Hearst's offer for transportation and lodging but insisted they would not accept a reward after they found Patty.

The psychiatrist put the woman to work by hypnotizing her at her Hilton suite. Weed, Hearst and other members of the family watched as she spent two hours tracking down Patty on her mystical map: "On a houseboat in the basement of an old monastery at the top of a hill near a military installation alongside a freeway adjacent to an airport across from a high school and a large park. There is also the sound of dripping water . . ." As the description dragged on Hearst grew weary, fell asleep on the floor and began snoring. "Ah yes," said Swami Three, still in a deep trance, "I hear snoring, too."

After completing this preliminary research, she asked to be taken to Steve and Patty's former Berkeley apartment. The psychic wanted to be carried out of the unit, stuffed in a car trunk and driven around. However, she had to settle for a ride in the back seat of an FBI sedan. After they rode around the Berkeley hills for several hours, she began talking about a graveyard with a leaning tombstone bearing the name Mary on it. The FBI agent directed her to a cemetery where they

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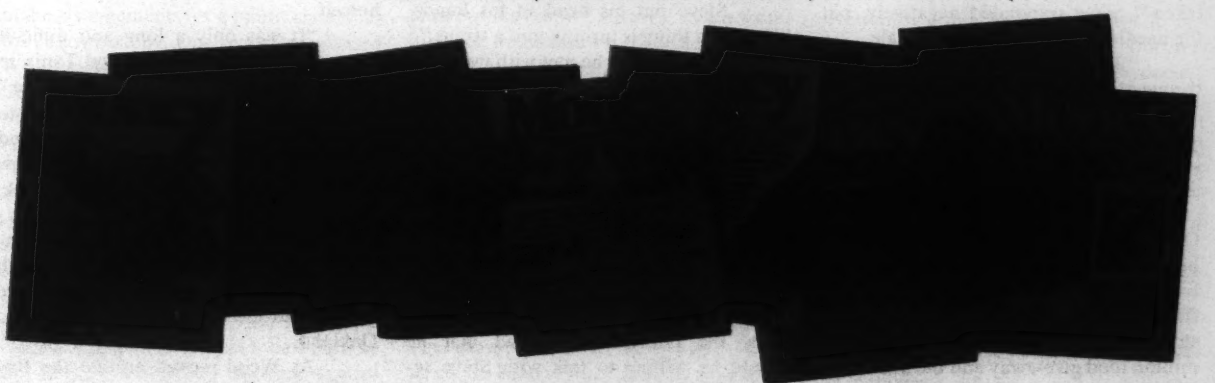

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found just such a gravestone. But the trail ended there.

Later, in March, Steve Weed moved out of the house and started to live with different friends. He was repeatedly questioned by FBI agents who suspected he might be a secret link to the SLA. They wanted to give him a truth serum exam, but finally settled for a lie detector test. When Steve arrived at the Bureau's 10th story Berkeley headquarters, an agent paced back and forth in front of the polygraph, clearly upset. Weed sat down and the nervous agent pointed a stubby finger into his face: "Now look, before we get this test under way, I want you to make me a promise. If the SLA contacts you for any reason, I want you to promise me you will get in touch with us—immediately."

Steve shook his head: "Well, I really can't promise that. I just don't know what the situation might be."

"No, no, no," the agent shouted, "I want you to promise that to me right now. You have to believe us, Steve, when I tell you that we have Patty's safety in mind."

"Look," Steve told him, "let's understand each other. I believe you are conscientious but your priorities are not the same as mine. Nothing else matters to me except Patty's safety and that's not true of you guys."

After some warm-up questions about his age, birthdate and driver's license, the agent got down to business. "Do you know people who might be connected with the SLA?" "No." "Could the abductors be past acquaintances?" "No." "Have you or Patty been involved in planning the kidnapping?" "No." "Has anyone ever tried to blackmail you?" "No." "Could you get in touch with Patty if you wanted to?" "Well, yes . . ." The agent lit up. But before the agent could jump on him with another question, Steve added, "through television perhaps." The agent scowled and decided to change the subject. "Have you had sexual intercourse since Patty was taken?" Steve responded negatively, but the needle jumped right off the scale.

"Why did you react so strongly?" the agent asked.

"I don't know exactly. Maybe the question startled me. Perhaps I was a little surprised at being asked a question like that at a time like this."

On April 5, the day after Patty announced her decision to join the SLA, Steve drove back to Berkeley to eat dinner with his friends. The FBI's hand had just been strengthened. The failure of the Hearst $2-million food give-away and the additional $4-million ransom offer to bring Patty back could well force the Bureau into a fatal confrontation with the SLA.

Steve had not slept or eaten for 24 hours. His stomach was tense, so he asked for just a small portion of shrimp casserole. One of his friends broke the silence. "Do you think she really joined?" Steve looked down at his plate. "I guess it's possible, she could be under so much pressure to. She could write something like that," he said. "She probably did it in fear of her life or maybe they tricked her by saying, 'If you make this statement we have a plan to let you go.' Obviously the whole thing was rehearsed."

"But what about the picture of her carrying the gun? Do you really think that was her?"

"It's Patty," Steve said impatiently. "She looks thin and pale and glassy-eyed, but it's definitely Patty. At least she's still alive."

Steve picked up his glass of red wine, sipped and stared into the refracted light. The hardest thing to take about this communique is the part at the end, when Cinque delivers his 'Save the Children' message over the SLA national anthem. That has to be the most depressing thing I've ever heard in my life. When I first listened to it, I thought I was going to throw up."

Weed feared the SLA might try to set Patty up in some kind of suicide mission

Steve went into the bedroom to watch the news. The editor of a small Bay Area publishing house was offering $1 million for the rights to Patty's story. The would-be publisher, who happened to be a psychiatrist, had already tried to sell the paperback reprint rights to Bantam Books.

Steve put his head in his hands. "God, this thing is turning into a circus."

The next day he met with two local radicals who came up with a long-shot proposal. In Patty's latest tape she declared she had been given the name Tania, after an East German who died in the Bolivian jungle fighting with guerrillas under the command of Che Guevara. One of Tania's closest friends was the French Marxist intellectual, Regis DeBray. It turned out that DeBray was in Mexico City and, after a series of quick phone calls, the radicals established that he would be willing to talk with Steve secretly. Although he knew nothing would probably make much difference to the SLA at this point, Weed decided to go see DeBray.

"Sure it's a long shot," he told a skeptical friend later that day. "But what have I got to lose?"

On Sunday, April 7, Steve drove to the Oakland airport and caught a flight to Los Angeles. After waiting an hour in line he finally got standby space on a Mexicana flight to Mexico City. On the way down he thumbed through DeBray's book *Revolution in Revolution?* and another volume called *Tania—The Unforgettable Guerrilla.* Until the kidnapping, Weed had never gone in much for books like these, although they were required reading among his radical college friends at Princeton and Berkeley.

Steve read quickly, anxious to not seem hopelessly apolitical in DeBray's presence. There was no assurance DeBray would help him out, but he certainly didn't want to blow everything by sounding shockingly ignorant of the Marxist's writings or Tania's life.

Weed reached the French radical's hotel, the Chateau Royal, about dinner time. DeBray was out, so Steve went down to dinner by himself. About midnight Weed finally got hold of him. Despite a deep tan and athletic appearance, DeBray looked tired. He wore a dress shirt opened half way down his chest. Steve explained Patty's current situation and then began a tape of the latest communique. The Marxist listened quietly. He agreed with Weed that it seemed like Patty had been coerced to make the statement."I certainly cannot approve kidnapping of this kind," he said in his formal but broken English. He offered to write a letter to Patty urging her to at least deliver irrefutable proof of her free and conscious decision to join the SLA.

By 10 a.m. Monday he had written a first draft of the letter in French and began working on an English translation with Weed. The final version challenged the SLA to let Patty out and speak for herself.

"It was only a long and difficult apprenticeship which permitted Tania to create her own revolutionary morale," DeBray wrote Patty. . . "I ask you only to assure me that you have consciously and freely chosen to take the name and follow the example of Tania . . . Good Luck, Patricia."

At noon, when the letter was finished, DeBray headed off for lunch with Mexican president Luis Echeverria. Steve returned to the airport and flew back to Oakland.

As Weed moved around the Bay Area the next few days he was surprised to hear that many of the radical leaders who

Was Patty under the gun in the robbery? U.S. Attorney James Browning (left) and FBI agent in charge, Charles Bates, told newsmen it was clearly a possibility.

had worked to free Patty now traveled with body guards. They were afraid to criticize the SLA for fear of ending up on the organization's enemies list. Some of the alleged FBI informers marked for death by the SLA had already headed out of town. One was Berkeley linguistics instructor Colston Westbrook, who had left this recorded message behind on his phone answering machine: "Hello, this is Colston Westbrook speaking. I am not dead yet, but I still remain high on the SLA hit list. If the caller is a terrorist, please include your affiliation so the credit for my demise can be properly awarded."

On Wednesday Steve stopped off at the public television station, KQED, to make arrangements for a public statement the following day. One reporter cornered Weed to try out his latest theory: that Cinque and some of the SLA women, who were known to be lesbians, had forced Patty to perform unnatural sexual acts. Steve listened quietly and then left. Later Vincent Hallinan, the 77-year-old leftist lawyer, told him, "I think the problem is Patty's already dead. They have to get rid of her. She's a witness. You know there's an old proverb: 'He who rides the tiger dares not dismount.' By that I mean if Patricia is alive and released she would be an awfully dangerous witness against them."

On Thursday morning Weed returned to KQED-TV where he taped an interview aimed at convincing the SLA they should accept a plane that would take them to political asylum in another country. He assumed that once they reached safety Patty could be released. Weed suggested the SLA's failure to accept such a plan would mean they were on a suicide mission: "If the SLA is not planning to kill her themselves, they're planning to get her into a confrontation with the FBI where she very well might be killed."

On Good Friday Steve took DeBray's letter over to the San Francisco Examiner where the front page was waiting. "Gee, we seem to have quite a bit of stuff on this fellow DeBray," said a writer assigned to interview him as she held up a thick clipping file full of background material. "I'm on a pretty tight deadline, Steve. Could you maybe just kind of sum him up for me." Weed obliged and she got the message: "I'll try to convey that this man isn't a nut but a dedicated revolutionary leader highly regarded in Cuba."

As the Examiner writer scanned DeBray's letter she became a little confused: "What does he mean here where he asks Patty to follow the example of Tania? The example she set in dying?" Weed shook his head: "No, I think he meant she should follow Tania's example in learning to be a revolutionary."

On his way out of the building one of the paper's editors grabbed his hand: "Well, Steve, you gave us a headline."

Within a few hours, the Examiner was on top of every newsstand with an eight-column banner: "REVOLUTIONARY'S LETTER TO PATTY—A FRIEND OF THE REAL 'TANIA'."

It was almost 4 p.m. when Steve Weed sat down to his first meal of the day at Uncle John's Pancake House. As the butter melted slowly on top of some blueberry pancakes, he tried to unwind from all the pressure that had been building since the last communique: "It all seems so hopeless. I'm going to keep on trying everything I can think of. I have to because I just can't sell Patty out. But in a way I'm beginning to think it doesn't really matter any more. I have a feeling Cinque was telling us goodbye on that last tape as if he is on some kind of crazy death trip and I don't think there is anything we can do to stop him."

He looked up and noticed one of the waitresses staring at him.

"You know something. You look just like Steve Weed."

"Oh," he replied.

"I bet you've been told that a hundred times."

"No, you're the first one,actually."●

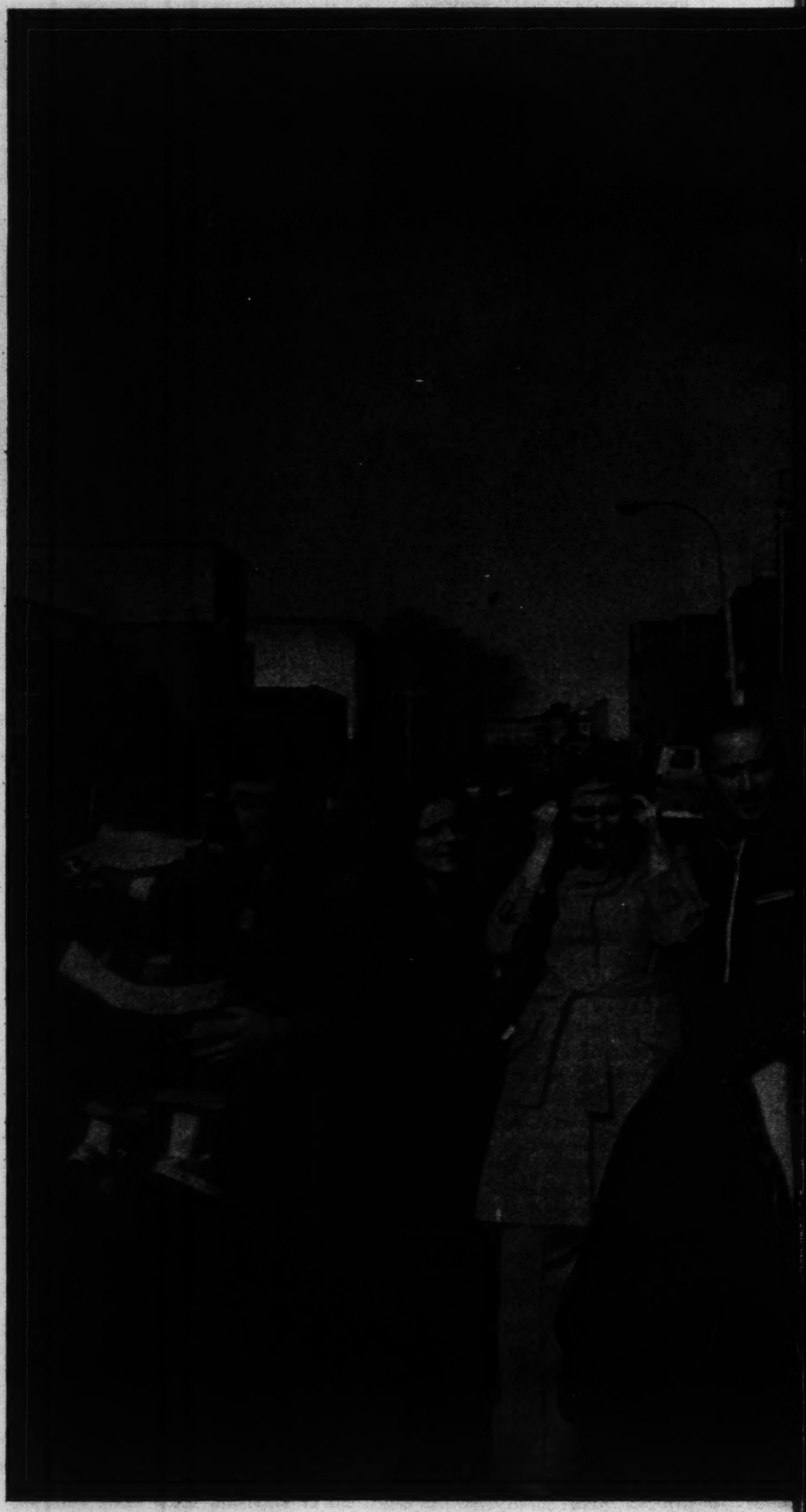
Exile on Main Street

An Army deserter lives four years above ground in Brooklyn, shielded by family, friends and even the local cops

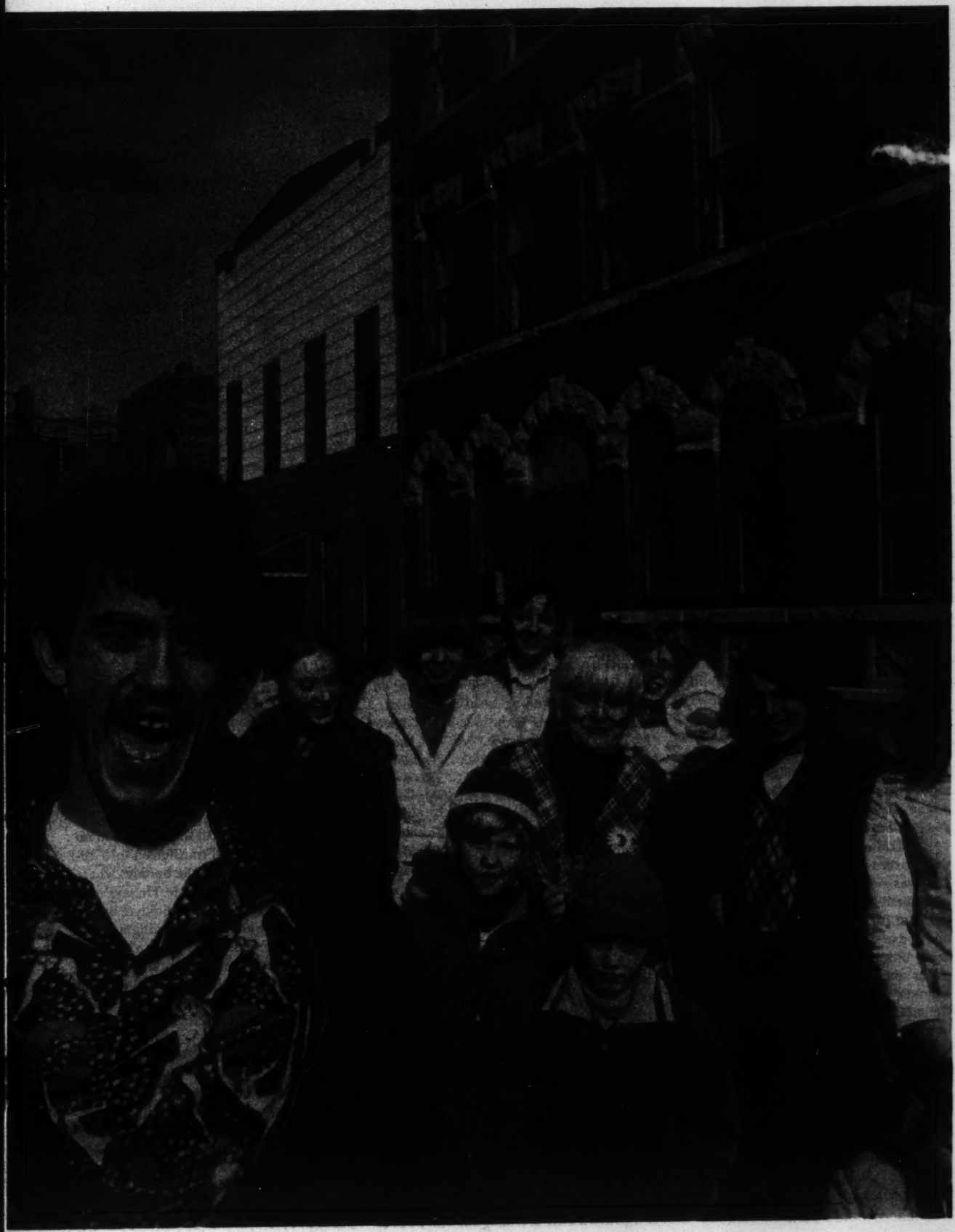
By Roger Neville Williams

In February, 1969, Private Eddie McNally came home from Vietnam, fed up with the war, fed up with the Army and fed up with himself. He was out of the war but not out of the Army, and a 30-day leave isn't much time for a war veteran to begin a civilian life. So he extended it by 1,527 days. He said he was free. The Army said he was a deserter.

Whichever, McNally was not alone. During the Vietnam War, 595,000 men deserted from all branches of the Armed Services. As of this March, the Pentagon calculated that 28,000 were still at large—most of them expatriates in Canada, Sweden and Europe. But McNally's case is different. Although he twice tried to live in Canada, he ended up returning to his neighborhood of Ridgewood in Brooklyn, to the streets where he grew up, where his four sisters and one brother lived, where his mother tended bar, and where he used to go joy riding in "borrowed" cars after dropping out of school at 15. For four years—until he "surren-



Weirfield Street, Ridgewood, Brooklyn: "There's a crowd of people here that I love dearly. . . These are the true Americans."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE

Believing in the fallibility of the FBI, McNally decided the best way to avoid getting caught was not to hide

dered" himself publicly in New York's Greenwich Village last December—McNally lived as an exile in his own country, a male Anne Frank, protected by relatives and neighbors from "the law."

When Eddie was 17, he was arrested for auto theft. He faced three years, but a probation officer made him a deal: he could enlist in the Army. Today, Eddie isn't so sure that three years in prison might not have been better.

"My whole neighborhood was in the service. It was as if a giant vacuum cleaner came over Ridgewood and had U.S. Army written on it and sucked every dude that was 17 outta there. Every time I turned around another dude had enlisted. Millions of kids like me were sucked out of every urban area in the United States. They offer boots, uniforms, travelin' 'round the world as a rinky-dink nobody as payment for three years of your life. They say they'll train you—they'll pay you. Here you are in this corner of Brooklyn, you're never gonna leave, you're walled in, and military life looks better than any life you've ever had. 'We're gonna make a man out of you!' They make men out of you . . . but their *men."*

Eddie's folks are separated. His father worked for a moving firm for 40 years and was one day laid off, collecting no retirement benefits. His mother has been a barmaid for 15 years. His four sisters are married or divorced, and Eddie is an uncle many times over. His friends, he says, are either dead, in jail, carrying Vietnam wounds, hiding out like him or living in Canada. Bobby Roth was killed by police in a car chase shoot-out. Neil Stolz hung himself in the Tombs. Tony Coakley got hit in Nam and came back with a fake arm and now eats with wires and clips. Tom Uhl, a Marine, was KIA. Eddie rattles off names like he was reading the Brooklyn phone book . . . all of them killed or wounded in Vietnam.

The ones who returned came back to dead-end jobs or no jobs at all. Eddie's Brooklyn friends are sanitation men, warehousemen, truck drivers. He knows no one who received any training in the military. They had all expected they would, that they would come back trained in something, with some salable skill. For Eddie McNally, who deserted the Army to make a better life for himself, the American Dream is not in Ridgewood.

"Living in Brooklyn is not about the best life to have. You know, a credit card in the streets of Ridgewood isn't a credit card, it's a way out, man. You blow that maximum amount right off and you buy little luxuries like . . . a lamp. Great luxury item! Maybe a towel with a monogram on it. These are nothing to so many people, but to the people I know, it is a step. Their whole existence is work, bed, TV, baby, secondhand apartment with secondhand furniture, bills up the ass, HFC. This whole thing . . . it's alive and well, living like a germ out in Brooklyn."

The Army trained Eddie as an "ordnance repair parts specialist" and sent him to Germany where he was put to work cleaning bathrooms, washing walls and scrubbing floors. He never did repair weapons, and would not have found it a particularly useful skill in civilian life anyway. When an offer of a thousand dollars and a 30-day leave for Vietnam volunteers came along, Eddie was at the front of the line. He says his whole company volunteered. In Vietnam he was sent to a MACV supply company at Qui Nhon where he put in 16-hour days constructing a weapons depot. It was in Vietnam where Eddie's first of three desertions took place.

"You had no form of release. You worked, you ate, you pulled guard duty. A lot of guys really started to get tight. I began sneaking out and frequenting the row of hooches and whorehouses outside the base. I'd go down there and hang out with three or four other guys and cavort and have fun and listen to music. I lived with the Vietnamese. They were my friends. I had no problem relating to them. After awhile, we made the streets of Vietnam just like the streets of Brooklyn."

"Whooorehouses," is how Eddie pronounces it. He helped a Vietnamese lady build one, kicking in money with other GIs as a loan. Up went a three-story brick building with bar, rooms, girls and jukebox. He started receiving Article 15s for being in off-limits areas—the Army said he was in enemy territory—and his pay was reduced. On top of that he was still cleaning latrines, not getting trained, not fighting a war.

"Seeing Vietnam changed my thought processes. I saw no reason to be there. I was totally confused. The mamasan helped us desert, four of us, and we flew Air Vietnam to Saigon and stayed with a contact there. I figured I'd try to get to Cambodia and then back to the U.S. But somebody must have informed on us and one day the MPs came through the window."

McNally was given a summary court martial with a cut in pay (he had no rank to reduce) and transferred to a resupply company out in the boonies where he soon became a GI junkie. He says he'd shot horse a few times in Brooklyn, but he never thought about it becoming a habit. In Vietnam, in those days, it wasn't heroin, it was opium—gummy, oozy thick brown vials of it in liquid form, the ugliest stuff you ever saw. They cut it with water. From the medics they would steal syringes—100 to a box—and have a clean needle every time they shot, which was three and four times a day.

"You're so wiped out, you're not. You can function. It was outrageously cheap. I was shootin' more to straighten myself out. Depression was a constant nemesis, the pressure was always there."

He began losing weight and his narrow, lean frame sank to 95 pounds. Not many people who shot opium lived to tell

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Roger Neville Williams, a one-time war resister and exile himself, is the author of The New Exiles, *a book about the American war resisters in Canada. He currently free-lances in New York.*

Eddie and street cronies in front of the elementary school they all attended.

about it. Eddie says he knew that if he returned to the States with his habit, he would be dead in three days.

"I hadda do somethin' about this dope. I had three months to go and realized I had to make some decisions. I knew I had to face my parents. But I couldn't go to the medics and say, 'Hey, I've got a habit. I need some morphine, I need some quinine.' Nobody'd heard about de-toxing yet. I'd heard of guys who'd been thrown in a cell with a pail of water. That wasn't the way I wanted to stop my dope habit."

So he went to the Vietnamese in the nearby village and found a doctor who gave him morphine and quinine. In a month he was eating again, he had been "de-toxed." For awhile he continued to throw up his food, but slowly started to gain weight. He says he stopped shooting altogether about a month before returning, and came home weighing 140 pounds.

"When it came time to go home, I was depressed. I said how am I gonna tell my people that their son, Eddie McNally, did not make a man of himself in Vietnam? He spent all of his time in whorehouses, shooting dope, getting into minor mishaps. And how was I gonna explain that I was not going back in the Army? Since the first desertion, it had always been in my head to split as soon as I got out of Vietnam. It was a real blow when I told them I wasn't going to return to the Army."

But after urgings from his mother and sisters, he did go back, to Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri.

"I went back to see if they were going to make it any better. After all, I did go to war for them. I thought I'd get another chance. But I got more work details, the garbage jobs again. I'm still a porter and I'm thinking, 'What am I gonna do when I get outta this place? Tell people I've been trained to clean bathrooms? That I can dig a ditch?' That's where it was at for me. I decided I'm not going to dig ditches all my life, or be a porter, or get shafted by a company after 40 years like my father. I was a no-count fuckup private with two years in. So I left."

Desertion number two. This time his family got some money together and sent him to Canada. It was spring, 1969. He hung around the American Deserters Committee on Wolfe Street in Montreal and got a room on Aylmer, Leonard Cohen's old street. He listened to draft resister Jesse Winchester sing at the Back Door Cafe, sold the local underground paper and accepted some help from a Canadian girl, while hunger, on occasion, drove him to the back of a few restaurants. He lacked the skills required to become a landed immigrant, and with no job or a foreseeable future and a Quebec winter on its way, he got homesick for Brooklyn and headed south.

He didn't get past Plattsburgh, where police were checking IDs at the bus station. The United States Army Deserter Information Point (USDIP) computer spun out his name, the cops collected the $25 bounty and in a few days Private McNally was in a handcuffed, shackled, chain gang of 30 men aboard a commercial jet—with civilian passengers aboard—bound for a special, unscheduled stop at McGuire Air Force Base. He received six months in the Ft. Dix stockade.

"I was sentenced to hard labor, and it was. We were digging this never-ending trench way out in the woods. Once I spent ten days in segregation, on bread and water, where you get a small box of dry cereal for breakfast, a potato for lunch and lettuce and another potato for dinner. Every morning a doctor comes to check your pulse and every night you hear the screams. I saw unbelievable beatings. I couldn't even masturbate, that's how depressed I was."

He was released after three months when the Ft. Dix stockade became the target of antiwar demonstrations. One day he was on a work detail sweeping leaves and he swept himself away from the others, and walked off the base. He hitched into Manhattan and sold blood. Thus began desertion number three, which was to last four years and a month.

Believing in the fallibility of the FBI, cynicism partly induced by his Vietnam experience, Eddie McNally decided the best way to avoid getting caught was not to hide. He did everything under his own name and used his own address. He began applying for jobs, marking "honorable" in the "type of discharge" blanks. Carter Personnel in Manhattan soon had him doing every sort of clerical job. He faked it and learned the office machines fast. In the stockade he had taken the state matriculation exam and he wrote to Albany for his high school diploma. Then he took a driver's test, got his license and applied for and received his first social security card.

"I was clearing $110 a week, good money then. I bought a car, some clothes, had a good time, went to the Fillmore, got into hallucinogens, started dealing grass. Acid peaked all my senses. I was never paranoid. I felt free. I acted free. I got a job with the Salvation Army as a driver and mail room clerk and while I was working there I even caught a robber and went to court to testify. The Salvation Army wanted to take me on as a permanent employee, but I said I couldn't. They said, 'Why not?' I said, 'Because I'm a deserter.' They said, 'Oh, really!' They gave me a nice bonus and a good reference."

"I'm closer to my family now. They're my friends. They've jumped a lot of fences for me"

He lived openly and spent a good deal of time in his old neighborhood of Ridgewood, a strip of Brooklyn squeezed on three sides by enormous cemeteries.

This is white, working-class America. Black America lies only blocks away, and Eddie couldn't avoid the black-white melees that erupt on these mean streets. He was arrested once, after receiving a black eye and broken nose, but it wasn't discovered that he was a deserter.

No one ever turned him in. His mother and his friends repeatedly told the FBI they hadn't seen him in years.

"When the FBI came to see my sister in Brooklyn, my brother-in-law called 'em up and said, 'If you ever come around and bother my wife about her brother who I don't even know, I'm gonna press charges against all o' yas. My wife's gonna have a baby in two weeks and you come in here, you Bogart in the door, you look around the house, you tell her you're gonna hold her as an accessory if she doesn't talk. Well, lemme tell ya, if she loses that baby, I'm gonna come down there personally and beat the hell out o' yas.' That's how people were."

Once Arnie, the local cop who had chased him ever since he could remember, caught him in the street and asked to see his ID. But another cop, who knew Eddie's mother from the bar and knew Eddie was a deserter, intervened, got his wallet back from Arnie and gave Eddie five seconds to disappear. Another time a neighborhood policeman said, "How's the Army, Eddie?" He replied, "I'm out now." The cop said, "You're out, but you don't want to get caught, right?"

"Everybody in my family, their friends, girlfriends' fathers, lots of people, all knew about my situation. They all offered to help if I decided to end it and turn myself in, but I said no, I wanted to start a life, and I wasn't going to move in any direction until I make some sort of a life for myself. I wanted to have something to return to if I did surrender. They all sympathized with me totally. These people are the true Americans.

The years went by, bringing adventures and misadventures—he doesn't remember their sequence. While changing the oil pan on a friend's car, the jack slipped, crushing him beneath. He had to quit working because of severe pain in his back and legs and decided on a trip to the Coast and to a friend in New Mexico who suggested he enter the hospital there for two weeks of heat treatments, massages and whirlpool baths. It helped. Back East he got involved with Vietnam Veterans Against the War and took part in operation Dewey Canyon II in Washington, and threw his Vietnam service medal onto the Capitol steps. He stayed around for Mayday and remembers John Mitchell gazing down from his Justice Department balcony.

With a high school diploma, money and job references, Eddie tried Canada again, but didn't put any real heart into it, lost money on the attempt, and soon found himself back in Brooklyn driving an ice truck and waiting for his Federal income tax check.

The surrender party at the Village Gate.

Besides his injured back, drugs were his big problem. He never touched heroin, but he was "heavy into acid and downers." He says he lost his equilibrium after Vietnam. The worse his back got the deeper into drugs he got. Pain, drugs and the streets seemed to be his lot until a young Methodist minister he'd met suggested he get into a drug program, and he became a resident at P.R.I.C.E. (Prevention, Referral, Information, Counseling, Education) in Farmingdale, Long Island, where a sister lived. Before long the Nassau County drug program was his life. He quit using LSD, amphetamines, barbiturates, and began counseling others and soon became the program's senior coordinator, went on a speaking tour of high schools, met with the mayor, fell in love with a girl he met there, and discovered he had roots in Farmingdale. He was home.

For Christmas that year he gave out several hundred copies of his poems that had been bound into a 42-page book by a printer friend. It was called *It's About Time.* The poems can make you cry.

When his back problem nearly did him in, he went to Meadowbrook Hospital on Long Island and was operated on for a herniated disk and a frayed nerve. The state paid the medical bills and Eddie went back to P.R.I.C.E., where he was made a group leader. He became an assistant director of a community-sponsored musical in which he also had a leading part. A thousand people attended and his picture appeared in the Long Island papers.

"The FBI had been to the house a couple of times and people were saying, 'Eddie, you shouldn't have let 'em use your picture. What if they see it?' Everyone at P.R.I.C.E. knew I was a deserter and they were worried I'd get picked up. I'd say, 'Hey

Eddie at dinner with neighborhood friends. Ronnie (right) is a National Guardsman.

man, don't bother me. Am I gonna stop my life for these suckers? I'm just startin' it, man, let me get a hold of it!'"

McNally stayed with P.R.I.C.E. for over two years. In the summer of 1973 he worked as a permanent employee for a Farmingdale employment agency. In the meantime he had decided to go to college. He made the necessary applications, and the state approved his financial aid request, including room and board. In September he entered Old Westbury University on Long Island. His professors knew of his situation. In the evenings he drove a taxi in Westbury, and worked part time as a movie usher. Both employers knew he was a deserter and said if he got caught, they'd mail his check. Then, in November, he got a call from his mother: "Eddie, they were here again." They being the FBI.

He didn't know what to do. At last he had got his life together. He was not only the first person in his family to receive a high school diploma, but he was the first kid on his block to go to college. He'd kicked drugs, earned an honest living, paid taxes. But he was still a U.S. Army deserter and he never for a moment could really forget it. He lived behind a veil of bravado and determination, but he knew his situation was taking a toll on his family. He decided that now that he knew who Eddie McNally was and what Eddie McNally could accomplish, he could afford to turn himself in.

"I could have gone on living normally, going to school. I might have beat it, but it just isn't me anymore. I'm closer to my family now. They're my friends. They've seen me through a lot of shit, they've jumped a lot of fences for me, and they're in no shape to jump any more. They're tired."

He had been passing out amnesty leaflets at college, knowing that if there was ever an amnesty, he'd be a prime recipient. Through the War Resisters League, he learned about Safe Return, an amnesty committee that had brought home a number of Vietnam War deserters. Safe Return's sponsors included a whole gamut of people from Otto Preminger to I.F. Stone. They were his only hope.

"I went down to see them and said, 'Hi, I'm a deserter, have been for four years.' They said, 'Shh! We can't talk here. Let's go outside.' Which was funny, since I'd lived openly all this time. We talked and I thought about what I was doing and after a couple of weeks I decided to make a public surrender. If I'm going back to the military and going to jail, it might as well be for a purpose. By surrendering publicly I figured I could help further the cause of amnesty and help others in my situation."

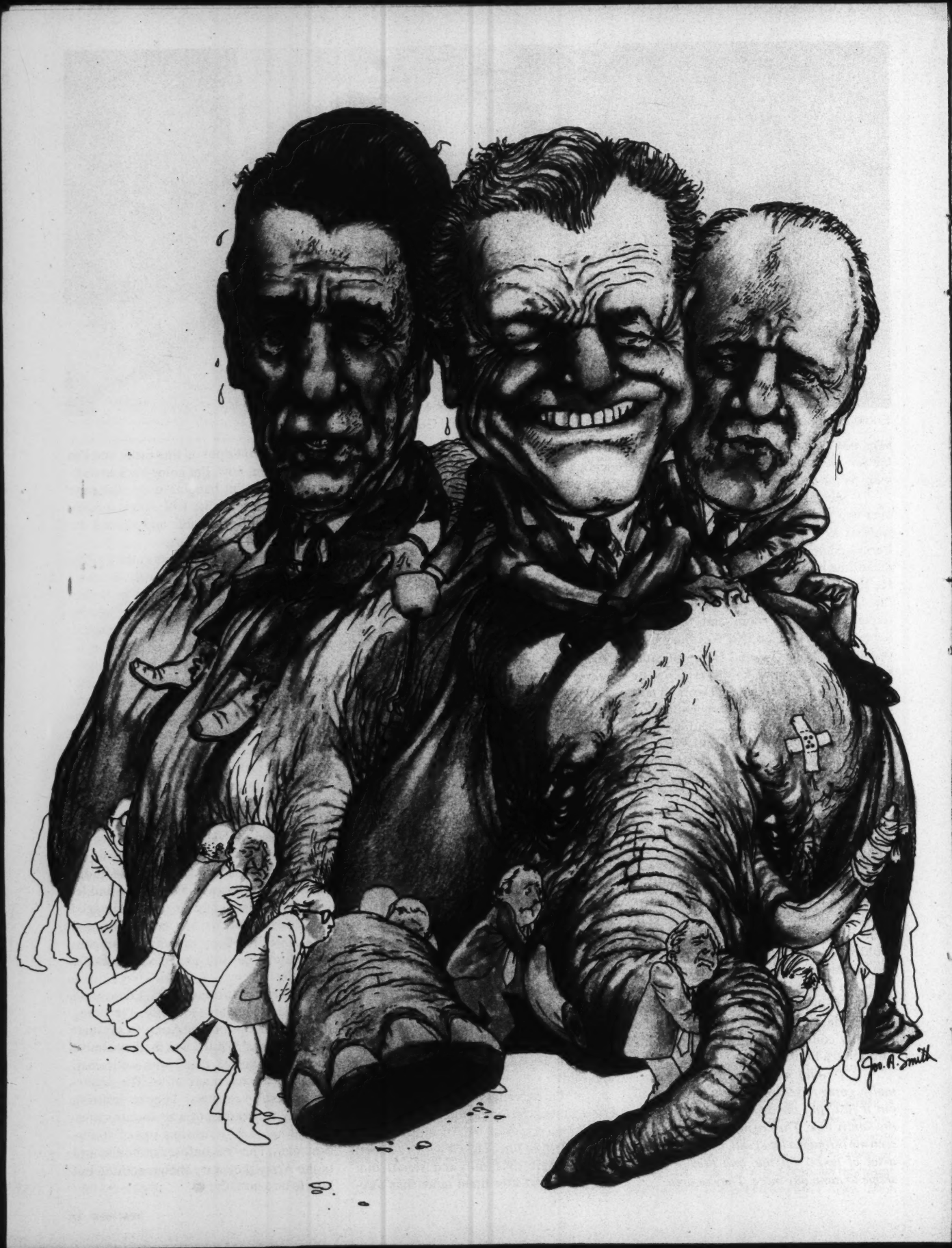
On December 19, 1973, Safe Return organized a "Welcome Home" public surrender Christmas party at the Village Gate in New York for Eddie and fellow deserter Lew Simon, who had spent five years in Sweden. Families and friends of both men were there, and amid babies crying and women sobbing, Ed and Lew spoke before the network cameras and reporters. Eddie, seated at a table with his mother and fiancee, Robin, and surrounded by his sisters and his old Brooklyn friends, talked about the war and said:

"I'm surrendering now to the U.S. Government. I'm going to be a prisoner of peace. I'm proud of what I did. I'm also scared of what I'm doing. There's a crowd of people here, my family and friends, that I love dearly, I love them more than anything that God's put on this earth, and I'm leaving them now. I'm going back to military control. I'm hanging it up. Take me away." And they did. FBI agents quickly closed in with handcuffs and shoved the two men into waiting cars.

Eddie and Lew went to the Ft. Dix stockade. Soft-spoken Lew, with the master's degree in linguistics, went to "segregation" for three months (he was later to receive seven more at his court martial, Ramsey Clark's courtroom plea for leniency notwithstanding), while street-kid Eddie got wise to the guards—"a couple of their human qualities started escaping and I got on to them"—and got put in the honor wing. They both received a good deal of support. New York City Council President Paul O'Dwyer called on "the commanders at Ft. Dix and the policymakers in the Pentagon . . . to immediately release and discharge Lew Simon and Edward McNally."

Eddie's whole family trooped down for the court martial. The judge gave him a bad conduct discharge and let him go. Eddie leapt over the rail, hugged his mother and his fiancee, Robin, and kissed his first Army captain. A bad conduct discharge isn't amnesty, but Eddie McNally is free.

Before surrendering, Eddie told me, "Man, there are too many of us doing the same thing for the Army to say that we're fuckups. While I was in, they almost had me convinced that I was a criminal. But there are too many of us. The deserters are really resisters. They're resisting not only for reasons of war, for atrocities, for killing, they're resisting out of confusion, man. They're confused nobodies and in the Army they were shown nothing but how to be a nobody."●


Jos. A. Smith

A GOP tent revival

By Douglas Bauer

March 29, 1974

Dear Conference Attendees:

Welcome to the 1974 Midwest Republican Leadership Conference.

Your presence accentuates the phenomenal rise of Midwestern Republican vigor during recent months . . . and points to the bright future we have ahead.

We trust your participation in this historic event will be a rewarding and informative experience, which will inspire you for the months to come.

We hope that through your participation in the Conference you will be better equipped to take an even greater part in the opportunities awaiting us in this critical election year.

Let your weekend in Chicago be an exciting and enriching one.

Sincerely,

Steering Committee
1974 Midwest Republican
Leadership Conference

They have come from 13 states to measure the wreckage. At 6 p.m., Friday, March 29, more than 1,000 Midwest Republicans are filling the Regency O'Hare Hyatt House, a vast, squat square with four copper-colored silos that gleam into the thick traffic on Chicago's Kennedy Expressway a few yards away. Delegates with suitcases stand in the huge lobby. They seem to share a mood of good-natured apology—quick, rueful smiles and shoulder shrugging—a price that must be paid for being a Republican in public. But this is a surface mood, devised mainly for the benefit of the reporters at the hotel. Deeper down, where the firmest tribal loyalties have been tested by nearly a year's worth of events, each delegate is looking for good and needed company, is peering out through brutal storms to see if there are any other Republicans left out there.

It's tough being a Republican in public. At the 1974 Midwest Leadership Conference in Chicago, delegates found hope in booze and evangelical whooping and stomping

"I get the feeling some people think this is the last gathering of Christians before the Huns come swooping down," says Mitchell Daniels from Indiana as he scans the Rosemont ballroom, seene of Sen. Charles Percy's cocktail party. A friend standing with him nods. Mitchell Daniels looks like Woody Allen with a haircut. He is working to elect Indianapolis mayor Richard Lugar to the U.S. Senate. In order to do that, he'll have to defeat Birch Bayh, a difficult task made harder by a prime and powerful menace that the most feverish precinct-canvassing cannot really dilute. "It's a fact," says Mitchell, "that Bayh's just very popular with women." He shakes his head at this injustice. "No matter how systematic and scientific your campaign is, you can't do anything about that."

The Rosemont is dark and cavernous. Huge red rugs and rows of clear plastic balls hang from the walls. Several temporary bars line its edges, creating crowded islands of conversation and leaving the middle of the room empty. It feels like the early hours of a high school prom before the boys have drunk themselves sufficiently brave to dance.

Far across the room near the doorway, Senator Percy appears with his staff, and people move magnetically towards him. Percy, his wife, his assistants form a receiving line and Republicans fall dutifully into single file, pulling long skirts over hips and adjusting ties for their millisecond with the Senator.

"Gonna get in line?" asks a Young Republican from Michigan.

"Not with this drink in my hand," says another.

"Why not? It's a cocktail party isn't it?"

At 7:30 they close the bars for a speech by Percy. He says Republicans would be unrealistic if they did not admit they had problems, acknowledges that "the leader of our party, the President, is in danger of being forced from office," then suggests that "the first Watergate be the *last* Water-

Douglas Bauer is an associate editor of Playboy.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH SMITH

Ford has found the deepest venom in the crowd. They hate Mitchell and the Germans—hate them twice in fact

gate!" That part of the crowd that has found chairs applauds. The remaining third mills at the back of the room talking loudly. Percy says he's "fed up with the status of being a minority party" and asks, "Are any of us willing to be the Avis of the political parties?"

"Nooo!" say the seated delegates.

He then lists reasons why Republicans can still walk streets in bright daylight. (These people will hear this list often in the next 24 hours.) "It was the Republican administration that ended the war in Vietnam!"

"Yeahh!" from the crowd, and: "Damn right! Never had it so good!"

"It was the Republican administration that brought the prisoners home! . . . It was the Republican administration that reestablished relations with China! . . . So let no Republican say he cannot hold his head high!"

Percy receives a strong ovation.

The bars open for business once more, a pleasant circumstance for John Chowanec from Chicago. Chowanec leans against a bar and surveys the scene. He's perhaps 55 and is dressed in a shapeless brown suit with lapels the width of ribbons. He is chewing a long cigar to the consistency of rain-soaked leaves and says, "They say this is the kickoff to Percy's presidential campaign. Supposed to have 12,000 supporters out there. How many people you think are here?"

A reporter offers that only 1,000 people or so registered.

"I'll bet there's 6,000 people here. Ain't no 12,000 though." Chowanec sucks at his unlit cigar and informs the reporter, "I'm the most important Republican in the 41st Ward. I'm vice-president of the regular organization, but I do all the work. My bosses are in Florida. They tell me to come here. I'm only important to them two weeks before elections. They'll come back from Florida and want to know what went on. Ah, hell, they won't, either. All they're interested in is totals. Totals!

"I gotta worry about the ethnics. My ward's got all kinds of ethnics and I gotta please 'em all. I'll get some old lady tellin' me she won't vote Republican cause I took the Ukraine away from her. I tell her, '*I* didn't take the Ukraine away from you. Maybe my ancestors did but I didn't have nothin' to do with it.' " He shakes his head wearily. "Ethnics and old people. That's my problem. I go into an old peoples' home on vote day, see, and these old ladies come up to me. Here hold my drink!" The reporter takes Chowanec's glass as he bends his body into arthritic angles and begins to toddle in a circle. "They say to me, 'Get my hat, get my coat, get my umbrella' (it ain't rainin'). 'Now where we goin'?' I say, 'To vote.' They say, 'Is Coolidge runnin?' "

Chowanec straightens again and takes back his glass. "Ah, me. Those are the kind you just gotta pull the lever for." He sees a familiar face, moves away from the bar and nods to the reporter. "Good talkin' to ya. And, listen, I'm not like some of these sons of bitches. You can quote me. Go ahead, feel free."

Hugo's piano bar, up one flight from the Rosemont, is filled with delegates waiting for tables in Hugo's Continental Restaurant. A piano player named Chico-Relli takes requests from people barely visible in the dark room. On Chico-Relli's right Betty from Illinois waits at the bar with her husband and another couple who have come with them to the leadership conference. Betty has short blond hair and smiles as if she knows secrets.

"I don't like Percy," she says. "I just never have liked him. Well, actually, I can't stand him. It's just a feeling, you know?"

Who, then, does she like?

"I don't know. Nobody really."

Rockefeller?

"Not for President. Governor, yes. President, no."

Connally?

"Oh, God no."

Reagan?

"I don't know. He's coming tomorrow night. I'll have to see." Betty says that she and her husband have been recently defeated in an election for national committeemen, but that she doesn't feel any loser's pain. "My husband's the one who's always been active. I've just kind of gone along. I've enjoyed it. But I don't mind that we got beat." She smiles.

Seated one chair away from Betty, Ralph from Iowa leans to catch her words. He has a round, balding head and a nose that looks many times broken. Ralph has been listening to Chico-Relli's riffs for a few hours now and with the aid of Scotch has come up with many useful shortcuts to the enunciation of the language. He is mightily interested in Betty and in her schedule for the remainder of the evening and now that she's pausing and smiling enigmatically, Ralph decides it's time to deliver his line. He reaches across, takes her hand and says, "Hello, Betty. Are you a Republican?"

"Yes," smiles Betty.

"You're at the convention?"

"Yes."

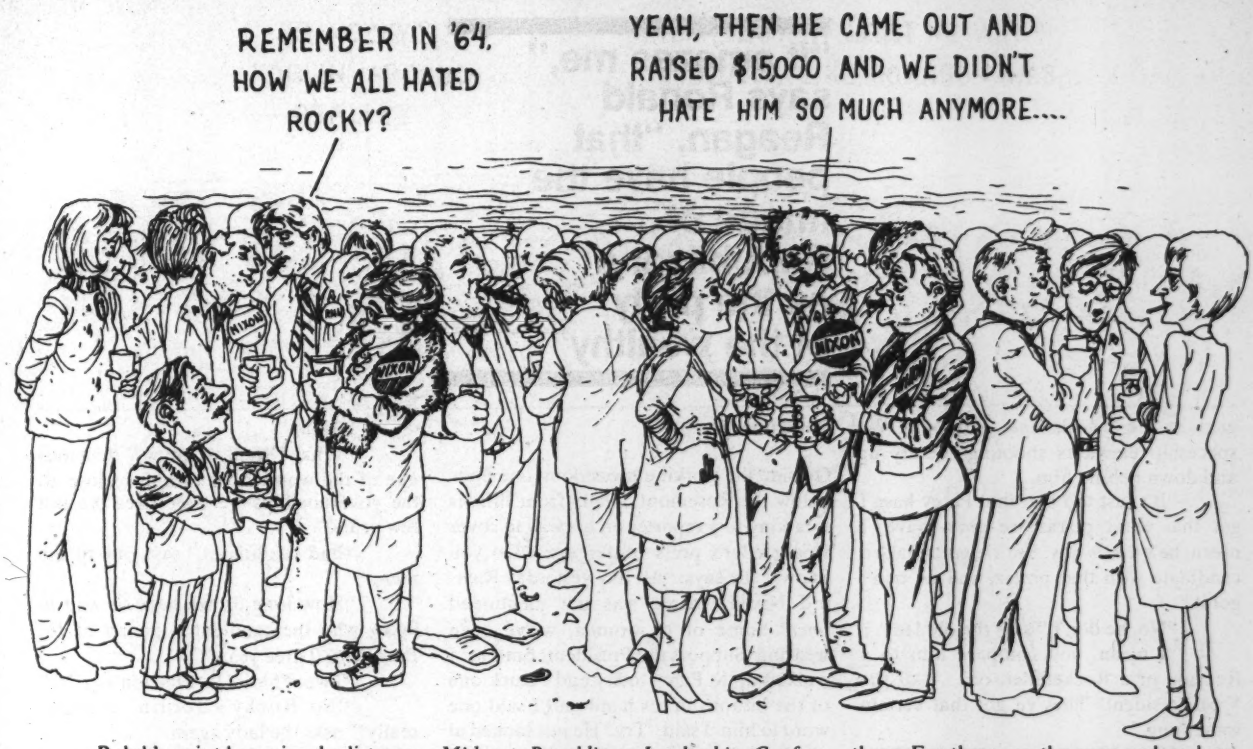
"Lemme ask you this. Are you with somebody here at the convention?"

"Yes, I'm with my husband. He's sitting down there at the end of the bar."

"I see," says Ralph. The maitre d' calls Betty's party and they rise to leave.

"Betty," says Ralph. "I'm room"—he reaches for his room key to check its numbers. "I'm four, four, oh. Gimmee call, willya?"

Betty smiles and says goodbye. Ralph's eyes follow her out the door and he shakes his head. "Mmmmm, tha's *prime*." After a minute or so, Ralph begins to talk about the convention. "Issa necessary thing," he says. "We gotta stop feelin' sorry for ourselves and get back on our feet 'cause if we don' do some good in '74, we're gonna get killed in '76. This Watergate. Issa' nightmare. Well, by God, all I gotta say is nobody drowned in *our* Watergate."


REMEMBER IN '64, HOW WE ALL HATED ROCKY?
YEAH, THEN HE CAME OUT AND RAISED $15,000 AND WE DIDN'T HATE HIM SO MUCH ANYMORE....
NIXON
NIXON
NIXON

Ralph's point has missed a listener and he's asked what he means. "I'm talkin' 'bout Ed Kennedy, thas' what I mean."

A waitress asks Ralph if he'd like another drink. "I'd rather have you," he says.

Chicago broadcasters had forecast blue spring for Saturday, the 30th. It is snowing, a fast, belligerent snow with no concern for season. Inside the Regency Hyatt House, delegates stop on their way to the Rosemont breakfast meeting to look at the snow and worry about tomorrow's flight from O'Hare Airport.

Rows and rows of Republicans are seated at banquet folding tables eating doughnuts and drinking coffee poured from heavy pots (two per table). It is 7:30 a.m. and one feels some of the same discomfort of staring into the sun as one walks into a room filled with 1,000 clean, smiling people talking animatedly. Shortly after 8 o'clock, former national chairman Ray Bliss steps to the microphone at the head table to welcome everyone, saying how good it is to see "so many Republicans gathered together in these troubled days." Ray Bliss, of Ohio, round and red-faced with a W. C. Fields nose, leader of the party in benign and blissful times. Eisenhower landslides. Dulles diplomacy. National outrage over a vicuna coat.

The head table, filled with Midwestern governors and state chairmen sitting beneath a wide banner that says *1974 Midwest Republican Leadership Conference*, glances frequently at a door in the corner through which, Bliss promises, Gerald Ford will shortly appear. People drink coffee and chat. Ralph from Iowa walks in, rubs his temples and finds a chair in the back.

Those sitting near the corner door start to buzz, then jump up and now everyone is standing and clapping. Ford enters the room, waving and smiling, walks to the podium and beams through long minutes of applause.

Ford begins by saying how good it is to be "at this Midwest Republican revival here in Chicago." Revival. The word does not slip quietly by. Many in the crowd chuckle at it; others frown. Ford says, "I was admonished that I shouldn't talk about Watergate today, but since I have some proprieties of my own, I rejected that admonishment and I *am* going to talk about it." Tenseness gives way to loud cheering. Ford has opened the box and let it out, has it out there right now and is *dealing* with it. He builds to this: "Never again must America allow an arrogant elite crowd of political adolescents [vague rhythms of Agnew] to bypass the regular Republican organization." One thousand Republicans are out of their chairs clapping maniacally. Ford has found the deepest venom in this crowd. They hate Mitchell and the Germans; hate them twice in fact: once, for their spastic scheme and its consequences; and again, for taking the campaign away from them. For these are the pure and zealous of politics: precinct workers, captains, county chairmen, national committeemen, proud artisans who've worked campaigns all their lives. And then, in a year when it could have been easier than it had been since Ike, CREEP denied them entry. Jerry Ford has called it and they respond.

After he finishes, nearly everyone pushes into United Room B next door to stand in line to meet him. A delegate from Missouri attempts to calm his wife. They are about to make the turn putting them a short distance from Ford and she has suddenly panicked. "What should I call him? What should I call him?"

"Just call him Mr. Vice President," he says, then turns to a couple with them. "She always starts to cry when she gets to the front of a line like this."

"What should I say to him?"

"Well, just say, 'We're all real proud of the job you're doing, Mr. Vice President.' "

Four delegates from North Dakota, a man, perhaps 35, wearing a name tag with red, white and blue national-committeeman ribbons and three older ladies, one with a brilliant teased bush of white hair, are waiting with several hundred other delegates for the Rosemont's doors to open so they can eat lunch with Nelson Rockefeller. The man is drinking a beer and leaning against a low concrete fence which keeps passersby from getting man-

"It amazes me," says Ronald Reagan, "that people have the image of Republicans as the party of the wealthy"

gled in the wheels and pulleys of the spaceship elevators shooting silently up and down behind him.

"It's just too bad that Percy hasn't got that extra pizzaz we gotta have. I mean, he's a *nice* guy. But we gotta have a candidate with that pizzaz, and he don't got it."

"No, he don't," says the old lady.

"I mean, you compare him to a Reagan, or a Rockefeller, or . . . or the Vice President! They've got that certain something."

"Yes, they do," says the old lady.

"Know what I mean?"

"Yes, I do."

"Remember in '64 how we all hated Rocky?"

"We all did."

"Then he came out to North Dakota and raised about $15,000 for us and we didn't hate him so much any more. . . I never thought he was such a bad guy."

"I never did."

"Rocky's here with his wife. She looks lots better than her pictures. You know who disappointed me a whole lot was Reagan's wife. She's real skinny. Looks like she's made out of plastic. Disappointed *me* a whole lot."

"She's nice, though," says the old lady. "She came with him to our state convention one year. She's real nice. I like her better than Pat Nixon. When you shake Pat Nixon's hand you get the feeling she really doesn't want to, but Mrs. Reagan's nice to talk to. I like her."

Rockefeller is good and loose at lunch, making points with the crowd. He slides in a candidate's pitch or two (reduced welfare rolls saved New York $400 million) and delivers the news of the day: "I have some good news. Henry Kissinger got married this morning to Nancy Maginnes!"

"Who's Nancy Maginnes?" asks a delegate near the door.

"A reporter," says her friend.

"No wonder Kissinger gets such good press."

Outside the working pressroom, one floor below the Rosemont, a lady from Illinois is talking to a reporter on his way to cover Rockefeller's press conference. "Do you know," she says. "All day yesterday Richard Nixon's name was not mentioned *once*? Some of us women, we've been wearing 'Support the President' buttons. I walked up to Percy today and I stuck one of the buttons in his hand and I said one word to him. I said, 'Try.' He just looked at me dumbfounded. Didn't say a word."

At the back of the pressroom, two of Senator Percy's assistants watch Rockefeller's show, hard smiles on their faces. Rocky and Happy work past, stopping cameramen, maids, Young Republicans with soap-polished faces. Percy's men know that they are watching something very nearly spontaneous and it must surely hurt. One of the assistants moves into the working pressroom where reporters are rating Rocky's performance. He says to a reporter, "I thought he looked awfully old today, didn't you? Did you see the liver spots on his face?"

Back at Hugo's Piano Bar, a group from New Buffalo, Michigan, fills the hour before the final banquet with good liquor and better gossip. "Did you see Happy and Rocky leaving this afternoon?" asks one of the women.

"Yeah. She had on a different dress when she came," says the other.

"Really? You mean she changed while she was here? I don't see how she had a chance."

"Maybe they snuck up to the room for a little fun while they were here," chuckles one of the men at the table.

"Well, you know he's foolin' around on her."

"He is?"

"Sure. Oh, yeah. Started about two years ago. And she's already number two for him."

"Well, he's got all that money."

"Right."

"What I want to know," demands one of the women, "is how'd we lose all the governorships we have over the last few years?"

"Bad candidates," says one of the men.

"How long do we have to wait to know who the candidate's gonna be for President? Three years?"

"Two. This is '74. Election's in '76."

"So Rocky's foolin' around, really?" asks the lady again.

"Sure," says the man. "But at least he ain't queer like Johnson was."

"He was queer?"

"Oh, I could tell you Washington stories! Hell, he had a queer working for him, Jenkins. He probably satisfied him better than Lady Bird did."

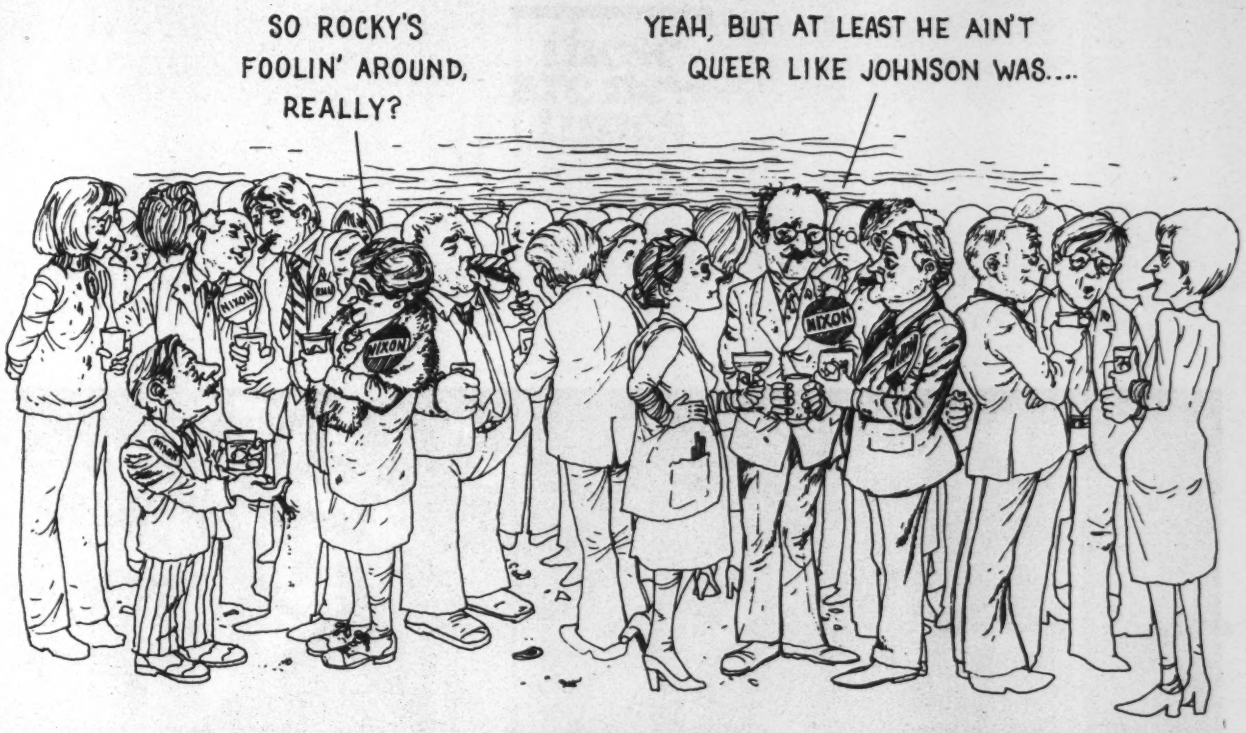
"Oh, that's disgusting," says the lady. She takes a sip of her drink. "So Harry Truman was queer."

"No, not Truman. Johnson."

"Oh, *Johnson*."

"Oh, God no, not Truman. Truman was a family man. He asked Bess before he bombed Hiroshima."

Gerald Ford was impressively precise on two occasions in his morning speech. The first such moment came when he exhorted the delegates to rise and expunge the ghosts of CREEP—an obviously well-rehearsed, speech-writer-devised piece of rhetorical stagecraft. Ford's second incident of precision—in which he referred to the gathering as a "revival"— may have well been an ad-lib, but it, too, was a perfect expression of the moment. For inside the Regency these past two days, the main event has been the high, ringing litanies by which these 1,000 faithful have been assured that they are not fools. They've been handed a package of points to sell between now and November, have been told that the country doubts all of Congress, not just their party, and that Congress is, has been, Democratic. Percy told them. Ford told them. Rockefeller



told them. They have heard from party stars, and the message has caused them to whoop in sweet and certain glee. Their spirit has been brought back and up by the tools of tent evangelism.

Tonight, women wear formal dresses and soufflé hairdos, men have changed from knit sports coats to good, dark suits. A very few couples have foresaken their convention meal tickets in favor of hotel steaks and sauces at one of the Regency's many restaurants. But the Rosemont is jammed and noisy. The combo plays happy songs with lots of accordian solos.

National Co-chairman Mary Louise Smith from Iowa, a vivid, handsome lady, says, in the middle of her speech, "I think many of you here know that I have a great deal of warmth and affection for Richard Nixon." She waits, the crowd begins to clap and everyone turns to glance around the room, looking for the appropriate behavior. Applause builds, but still no one has risen; then, hesitantly, from various corners of the room, one Republican stands, then another, then they rise in clumps, and finally a full field sprouts up, people standing and applauding.

After Mrs. Smith has finished, a national committeeman from Nebraska in a glimmering blue sports coat introduces "a native Midwesterner, a man who was born in Illinois and lived in Iowa, the governor of California, Ronald Reagan." The combo plays "California Here I Come," people spin dinner napkins above their heads, and after a few minutes of this Reagan waves them to their seats. He shines beneath the strong lights above the head table. White shirt. Tie, suit and hair the same brown-black.

"It's true that I am by birth a Midwesterner," he says, "and I really do feel like I'm home." He jokes briefly, talks about the job to be done in '74, then explains that: "If Richard Nixon is blamed for inflation and the depressed state of the economy, that amounts to a blatant rewriting of history."

Reagan gives a victim's helpless shrug and says, "It amazes me that people have the image of Republicans as the party of the wealthy. People will read about this gathering and picture a room full of people each one rich enough to buy and sell the other." Then a tough finish: "It's time to fight!" That jerks them up and sets the room bouncing. Repeated choruses of "California Here I Come," frantic, savage napkin spinning, and Reagan and the rest of those at the head table move to the exit.

At a table near the front, a fat young woman with short blond hair waves a "Reagan-Moore in '76" sign (West Virginia governor Arch Moore), straining to catch Reagan's eye. She leaves her table, squeezes along the aisle to catch Reagan, and does, just as he is turning to leave the room. In a minute she returns, a wide, benighted grin on her face, her eyes rolling slightly. She bumps people, breathing heavily, yelling, "He signed it! He signed it!" The sign twists above her head as she moves along the row of television and newspaper correspondents packing equipment. "He signed it!" she says, and now one can see Reagan's signature on her placard. "I want you all to know that he signed it! He said, 'Sure I will,' and he signed it. Wait'll I show it back home."

"Where is home?" a reporter asks.

"Clarksburg, West Virginia."

"Did you fly here?"

"Yes! First time on a plane. Thought we was gonna crash for sure. Spent all my husband's hard earned money to get here. But it was worth it just to get this." Now she continues down the press row, calmer, pointing to the sign. "Look. Look at my sign. He signed it."

At the end of the press row, near the door, National Co-chairman Mary Louise Smith is being hugged by the coordinator of this whole event, Hope McCormick, national committeewoman from Illinois. Mrs. McCormick is feeling the giddy release of an effort just finished.

"Yesterday was a *ghastly* day. Everyone was late, planes were stalled. It was simply awful. But today was super. Just super. Didn't you think today was *super*?"

Behind her, the lady from Clarksburg is leaving the room. "He signed it," she says to strangers. "I want you to look at my card. He signed it."

Hope McCormick turns to Mary Louise Smith and sighs happily. She puffs on her cigarette and nods her head. "It really worked out, didn't it?" ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY VACCARO

At his Scottsdale studio, Soleri stands beneath a futuristic structure designed, believe it or not, to shade his swimming pool.

The founding father of arcology creates a desert beachhead against the creeping American urb

The Soleri Solution

By John Neary

Want to help solve the ecology crisis, shrink administrative-bureaucratic gigantism, find an alternative to the degradation of waste-affluence-opulence, unravel the global energy crisis, resolve the pollution dilemma, conserve air, land and water, shelter an exploding population, desegregate people, things and performances *and* forge a forceful instrument against fear and disillusionment? How about building up the old muscle tone, getting a deep, lustrous tan—and possibly moving a little bit nexter to God, all at the same time?

Well, for just $270 in tuition ($30 in advance, please), $72 for board and $6.50 for insurance, Paolo Soleri, the Italian-born architect and visionary, will consider allowing us to live in Arcosanti, Arizona, for six weeks, and to help him build his prototype dream city of the future. It is the very first example of what Soleri calls "arcology," and just $348.50 places you forever among the First Families of Arcosanti.

This year hundreds of Soleri disciples will—just as hundreds of others have for the past five years—actually pay for the privilege of being allowed to perform hard manual labor on the building of Arcosanti, glad not just for the opportunity of toiling alongside the maestro, but for the chance to do battle with the aforementioned ills that beset the planet. In that fight his followers believe it is the theories of urban design propounded by Paolo

John Neary, a former Life *magazine writer and now a NEW TIMES correspondent, is an urban refugee now living in New Mexico and writing a book on insanity.*

Soleri which afford all of us planet-dwellers the best chance of victory.

To Soleri, the city is a machine. In his view the ones we live in nowadays have been designed all wrong, with the result that instead of helping us get our jobs done and our lives lived to the happy fullest as nice machines should do, they just get in our way and create misery and frustration. Arcosanti will embody Soleri's complex philosophy of *arcology*—a blend of ecology and architecture and mystical poetry—and is intended to end all that misery.

Some of his colleagues snicker at Arcosanti, calling it Soleri's "human anthill," but Paolo sees his homemade town as the perfect eventual home for himself, his wife, two daughters and 2,996 kindred souls: a convivial community of artists, scholars and artisans. They will live, when it is completed, in a 25-story honeycomb of apartments, workshops, studios, banks, churches—all the accouterments of any modern city—without, Soleri believes, any of the hassling drawbacks that flaw the contemporary American urb. Arcosanti, for example, will boast rapid intracity transit by a reliable and time-proven system (legs) without a single traffic jam (no streets or cars). The city will have plenty of handy, open green space because Arcosanti's structure will take up just 10 acres of the townsite's 860 acres and the rest of the land will be parks and farmland.

Although Soleri was born back in 1919 and received his doctorate in architecture from the Torino Politecnico in his native Turin before leaving Italy in 1947 to study with Frank Lloyd Wright at Taliesin West in Arizona, Arcosanti will be among the first of his designs ever to be constructed. Most of his work has risen in only two dimensions: on the rolls of butcher paper he filled with designs after leaving Wright, and on the pages of his books, and on the walls of museum exhibits. Aside from Arcosanti, just three buildings comprise the sum total of Soleri's designs that have entered the third dimension: a glass-domed house in Cave Creek, Arizona, upon which he collaborated after leaving Wright; a ceramics factory in Vietri, Italy, designed and built 24 years ago; and the theater of the New Mexico Indian school in Santa Fe.

Soleri lives in Scottsdale—in a plain, ordinary ranch house he bought 15 years ago. He says he seldom ventures into nearby Phoenix, and he confesses gleefully to having awaited the energy crisis for 15 years so that residents of the sprawling desert town might realize the folly of their dependence on the auto—and the wisdom of Soleri's arcology.

The tenets of arcology and other Soleri thinkings and imaginings, set forth in a number of big, lavishly illustrated books, have won for Soleri a respect and a following out of any proportion to the number of buildings that have risen from his blueprints. He gets invited to, and attends, symposia on the urban crunch, and he is beckoned to design this or that commercial project. Nothing commercial is on his drafting board now, Soleri says, "because I'm not interested enough to get hot."

Asked to explain the ferocious devotion Soleri commands among the young and their teachers, an architecture student in his 20s who had journeyed to Arcosanti just to peer from its windows said, "The professors see him as one of their own, but one who didn't sell out." And youth? Well, youth seems to see Soleri as a man who not only feels what they feel about what's messed up but who is *doing* something about it.

Joining him is no task for sissies. As if the catalog of ailments that Arcosanti is designed to cure were not awesome enough, and the job of getting up 25 stories with volunteer labor weren't already plenty tough, the work site is a challenge in itself. "You will not find a city to work in and hardly a society to be part of," recruiting posters warn prospective applicants. "The participants are pioneers in semi-wilderness. The guiding thrust is the conviction that the urban dilemma must be faced positively, optimistically, radically." Along with the guiding thrust, Arcosanti-bound workers would be smart to take along a good down sleeping bag and maybe a bottle of salt tablets. Winter nights, the posters advise, can drop below freezing and summer afternoons can top 100 degrees. "We have neither air conditioning nor central heating. Prepare accordingly."

If finding the money to participate in such a quixotic sojourn is a problem, finding

However bleak Arcosanti may look today, the plastic model (above) promises better and more colorful days ahead.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY VACCARO

Arcosanti itself turns out to be no small chore either. The city aborning is not yet marked on many maps outside Soleri's perfervid imagination. No exit signs along the highway north from Phoenix mark the turnoff to Arcosanti. But, following the directions we got from Soleri's studio in Scottsdale, we take the ramp at Cordes Junction, turn down behind the Standard station, head northeast alongside the barbed wire fence, cruise over the cattle guard past some grazing Herefords and soon, there it is—Arcosanti.

It is totally unlike any of the countless other dream towns that blossom in this uniquely Southwestern loam of rock and dirt, malarkey and faith, hustle and con. There are no billboards to proclaim its spectacular views, its abundance of recreation, its seclusion, its investment and retirement potential; no pennants flapping overhead, no project office and no salespersons waiting to pounce. Arcosanti instead just looms, silently, on the rim of a little canyon.

But for its isolated location, Arcosanti might appear to be an airport in the making, or a shopping center awaiting the arrival of the first Piggly Wiggly. Now, it is just a collection of peculiarly shaped concrete structures sitting there like a Dairy Queen that has begun to metastasize, surrounded by scaffold bucks and lumber for yet more concrete forms. Although only part of the first story has been built, the structure is massive, monumental in scale. Soleri calls this arcology because he believes it is a near-perfect blend of architecture and ecology, a city that will work with nature, and enable man to work with *his* nature to the fullest. Looming here like an ancient ruined temple with the jungle vines stripped away from it, Arcosanti strikes me as an inverted archaeological specimen of us now, a simple, clean shrine to everything we are not.

But just what the hell *are* we looking at? We find the octagon, the camp's community house, and inside it a few dungareed, plaid-shirted kids sitting around a fireplace, reading and drinking cider. Our pleas for a tour rouse nobody. We seem to be intruding, trespassing in some private region.

Look, I want to tell them, I am on the same side. In fact, almost the same constellation of wishes that brought them here brought my family and me here recently from New York—urban refugees fleeing all those conundrums that Arcosanti promises to solve. They had tangled together and forced us out. We left the great Urb for a distant dirt road.

And it is a *nice* dirt road. But the fact is, I miss the old Urb, and what I miss especially is the excitement of the street, its promise of endless opportunity for discovery. No matter how often I walked it, the street remained a great sponge, a giant magnet, its myriad reticulations absorbing me in every shop window and configuration of architecture and every face I passed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOAN NEARY

Now in the initial stages of construction, Arcosanti rises on the edge of a canyon.

So I had been interested when I read that Soleri was offering—by way of a solution to all those crises that make up the vast Crisis Crisis in which we seem to be living—a city without streets. And I want to tell these kids here in the octagon to convince me that Arcosanti holds more promise than a dirt road.

Finally a plaid-shirted lad, bearded and shaggy, steps forward and volunteers to take us around. Joe Mathers, our young guide, says he found his way to the octagon and Arcosanti two springs ago, after coming upon Soleri's theo-mystical writings and Buck Rogersy sketches for cities in the library at Case Western Reserve in Ohio. Now, Arcosanti has assumed a very important position in Joe Mathers' life, as it has for the hundreds of other world-savers, students, Soleri buffs and plain curious who have come here to dig, mix concrete, set reinforcing rods, build forms, pound nails, wrestle with plumbing and wiring and do all the other scuzzy jobs that go into what is called in less ethereal sites heavy commercial construction. This is Mathers' second six-week workshop here. He plans to make a documentary film about Arcosanti. Someday he may exercise his right as a worker and claim first dibs on living quarters somewhere within it, at a discount.

Soleri sees self-construction as occupying Arcosanti's residents for the first ten years of the town's life. "Verification and research"—self-study of life in the arcological village—will be the agenda thereafter. Rather than cooperative ownership, Soleri wants Arcosanti's operating principle to be cooperative *use*. Right now, his Cosanti Foundation owns the city and the land it is built upon. Someday, he says, ownership may be turned over to Arcosanti's residents, of whom 100 to 500 will be faculty and their families, and 500 to 1,000 will be students and former students, all "co-using" their quarters. Non-students, guests and visitors will be allowed to live there, but they will have to pay rent. The co-use option is a major incentive to work building Arcosanti. Once the place is 10 percent completed, a worker's time on the job can be applied for credit on the use of space, with a lifetime access to a "minimum living unit" any time on a month's notice, with the only payment required a tax for use of facilities.

Joe Mathers walks back with us, past the camp garden and somebody's experimental solar heater, up the road to Arcosanti. He takes us up onto the giant

arch, explaining that someday its massive steps will be a main entrance to the city. In the dark grottoes of the foundry we see what will be shops and studios and apartments. Another big concrete band shell will be a ceramics studio, its sculpted roof cunningly shaped by casting it in sections against hand-carved silt forms. The big pile of concrete boxes cantilevered out over the lip of the canyon will be a restaurant. Only the bumper sticker plastered on the cab of a derrick ties us to present-day America: "Impeach the Cox-sacker," it says. But a few yards away a girl who might have been out waving a placard in a demonstration, instead patiently daubs stiff waterproofing tar around a plumbing vent.

"It's amazing," Mathers tells us, awed by what he and his co-workers have accomplished here in spite of his daily familiarity with them and it. "These people will find whatever level they can. And they're labor-intensive. If they don't have a machine, they'll try it anyway—and get away with it."

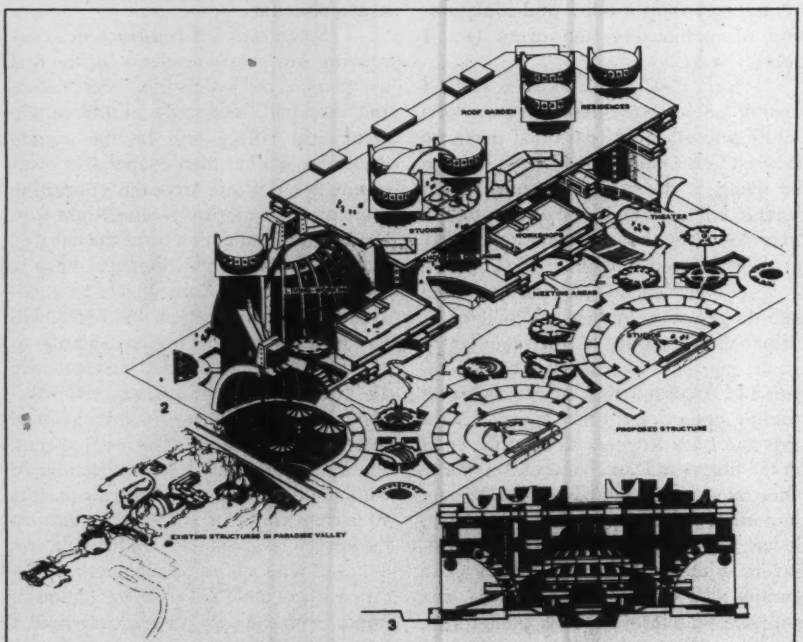
This Urban Refugee is less impressed. The concrete structures which had been erected on the edge of the canyon, although massive, did not look, really, like a hell of a lot to show for five years of work. The Urban Refugee, who had carried a few hods in his time, had seen whole shopping centers built by small contractors in a single summer. And as for the workers, he says to Mathers, they look about like any bunch of kids goofing off on a Saturday.

"Yes," Mathers replies with patience. "But what are they reading and talking about, and what are they thinking?"

They are probably reading, very slowly, Soleri's latest book, *The Bridge Between Matter and Spirit Is Matter Becoming Spirit, the Arcology of Paolo Soleri* (Anchor Books, New York, 1973). In it Soleri observes: "This flow from the indefinite-infinite into the utterly subtle is the moving arch pouring physical matter into the godliness of conscious and metaphysical energy. This is context, the place where we must begin."

It is likely that these students are discussing such utterances, trying to discern the meaning behind the book's intricacies. "The arcology?" he writes. "In its most naked purpose arcology is an attempt as much as and far more than the automobile at giving the person the swiftest way to communication, information and action. It wants to enlarge the personal universe of each individual by centering him in the thick of things."

And, perhaps, back there at the octagon, they stay up late nights pondering Soleri's audacious self-characterization as a planner of the future: "One could call him an instinctualized intellect that can bridge from the sub-rational to the ultra-rational and land in the eye of the human reality itself. This should not, as it does, upset the 'common' man. Isn't he agreeable to the notion that the Einsteins and the Picassos are rare specimens and isn't planning for an intensely human environment a most difficult task demanding rare insights?"



The blueprint of Arcosanti from Soleri's $25 book, *The City in the Image of Man.* "The aim of this book," he writes, "is to present an alternative to urban disaster."

Soleri's studio in Scottsdale is called Cosanti (from two Italian words meaning "before things") and it is a "don't-miss" attraction for tourists. Motel clerks advise guests to be sure to see those fantastic models—and to try to make it when Paolo's around because he's always fantastic. Paolo, they call him, over at the Holiday Inn check-in desk, right there at ground zero in everything he stands against. *Paolo*! And at the Squaw Peak steak place on the highway out to Arcosanti from Phoenix, the waitress knows about the new city, all right. Never been there, but like other folks she seems to regard the wiry little Italian fondly.

Not everyone, of course. Among the visitors touring Cosanti today is a group of tight-mouthed architects come to check out this maverick, and they emit a certain amount of growling.

"What *is* he trying to prove?" grumbles the old man in the Brooks Brothers overcoat, leaning forward to squint past the track of tiny red veins on his nose at the frosted plastic model of Arcosanti before him. "What's he trying to *prove*?" he demands, inspecting the concrete stalactites and free-form chambers and cylinders that house the Martian-exhibit-like Cosanti Foundation.

A few steps down from the parking lot and we are walking through a sunken, tree-shrouded network of arches and chambers, as if we were touring a macromodel of the human aorta. There Judith Munns, a pretty blond who came here from Washington, D.C., to continue her museum studies, is busy assembling the bronze and ceramic wind chimes that produce so much of the income for the Cosanti Foundation—and Paolo Soleri. The architect and his staff won't reveal how much the place takes in from books, lectures, promotional materials, tuitions and bells sales. But bells—which sell for $6 to around $200 for a large assembly of chimes—bring in, with tuition, 99 percent of the foundation's revenue.

Ms. Munns interrupts her work to show us around: over here in this dark tabernacle is the big model of Arcosanti. In here are bells, hundreds of them; back there is where they are cast, the foundry. Behind that are drafting rooms, set inside giant sewer pipes that were muscled into place on greased phone poles by workshop students. There is a wall of graffiti left by those students—one of whom

wrote, "Peonage is a summer bummer."

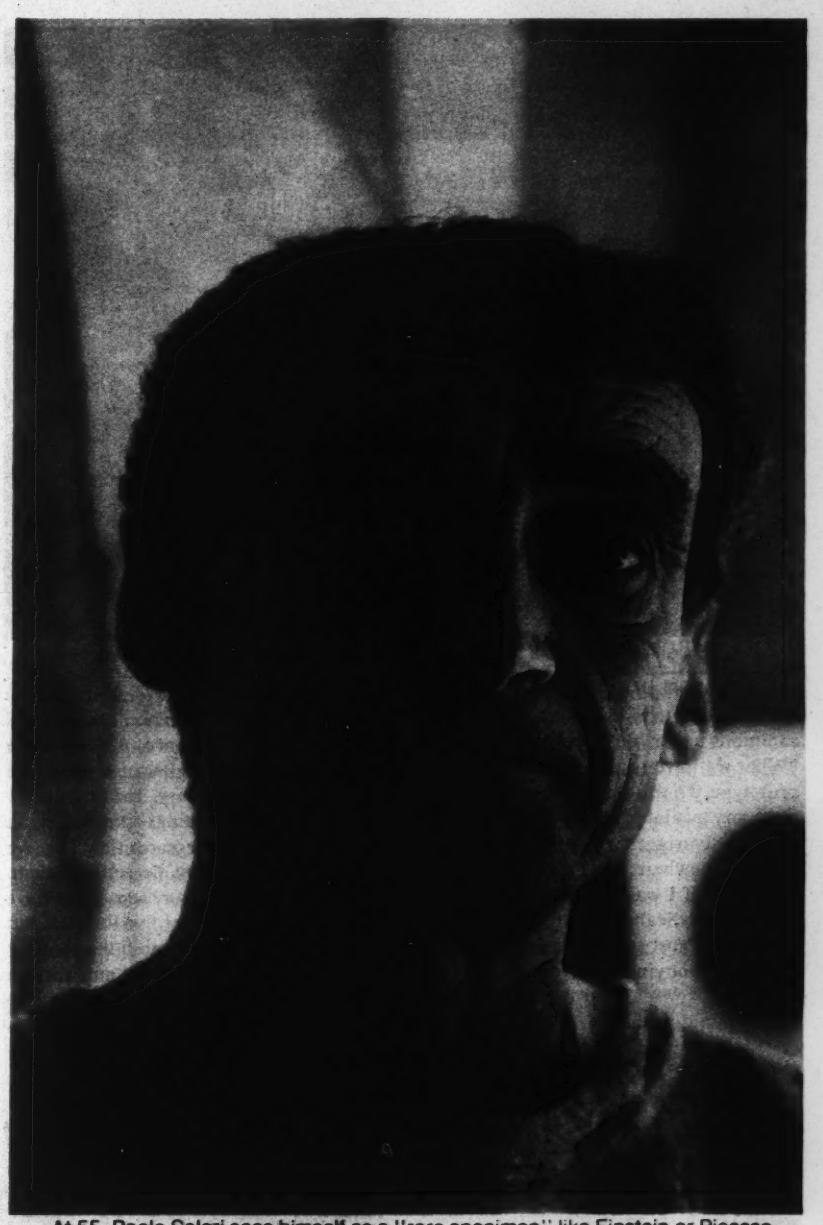
Behind the wall are the dorms and a pool. And here is a donation box, and behind that a counter, where you can stock your Soleri bookshelf with reams and reams of those taffy-pull scholasticisms that go on and on like *The Lord of the Rings:* 50¢ buys you the Arcosanti information/application sheet; $3 the Arcosanti calendar; $1 the Cosanti brochure; $25 one of Soleri's books, *The City in the Image of Man*; $10 a packet of posters. The bargain deal: $60 for a "total information" package. For $24 a Soleri aide, Ivan Pintar, will send you three dozen slides of Soleriana—silt models of dams and bridges, crayon and ink drawings of cities, pictures of Cosanti, of Arcosanti. Images of the images of dreams for sale here. And all the while the breeze bongs the pretty little bells. Paolo, in his awning-topped studio nearby, does not have to send to know for whom the bells bong. They bong for him.

As though Soleri's incantations and drawings had succeeded utterly in exorcising it, the Crisis Crisis seems not to have touched his studio. Outside, on Doubletree Road, all is routine suburbia. But Cosanti itself has a tranquil, hand-crafted, precise, functional look that beguiles the Urban Refugee. Like other such havens of orderly design, it shames him for the helter-skelter slovenliness of his own life. Yet, even as it shames him, Cosanti holds out the promise that *here* he might, if only he buys the right pamphlet, or reads the right book, *here* he might at last get himself organized, stripping from his chaotic and unproductive life all the miserable distractions and laying bare at last the true essentials. The Urban Refugee is a sucker for all such places, approaching them in hopeful delight, the gnawing ineffable wish welling up that here in this temple of reason and logic he might find the secret that will, as those old Rosicrucian ads used to promise, unlock the hidden powers within him.

That, after all, is the expressed purpose of arcology, of Cosanti, of Arcosanti.

A group is forming for a tour of Cosanti. Ivan, the guide, stands before the big plastic model of Arcosanti. "You have to consider this model," he says, "as a visualized suggestion of the concept." The old architect in the Brooks coat squints, and somebody asks when the dream city will be finished. "Well," says Ivan, "there is no projected date of completion. It's an endless project."

The proprietor of this dream factory sits at his drawing board. Paolo Soleri is sketching in his notebook. It is a beautiful notebook, with an abstract bas-relief sculpture for a cover. Soleri is obviously cold. It is about 40 degrees this day, and everyone except Soleri is wearing a coat. He is wearing only short-shorts with little leathern buttons down the fly, and a thin cotton sweat shirt and beach sandals. It isn't the cold that's bothering Soleri most, though. The loudspeaker is not positioned so that Soleri can hear the opera music as he likes to. He gets up and squeezes through the door. He hurries down the chill pavement, his monkishly brushed black hair tossing, reaches the speaker, moves it so that it points toward the door and hustles back inside. He resumes sketching, and does not hear the old architect in the Brooks coat ask once again, "What's he trying to *prove*?"



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOAN NEARY

At 55, Paolo Soleri sees himself as a "rare specimen" like Einstein or Picasso.

That's in the books, in those endless compartmentations of logic that give onto each other as bewilderingly as the labyrinths of Arcosanti. But, we wonder, what about the real world? How does arcology and its first-born, Arcosanti, relate to those problems that had driven us from our hated-beloved Urb to our dirt road in Arizona? Did Soleri not discern an irony in the fact that while the urban crises that plagued America concentrated in the great cities, his solution sits out on the open range of Arizona, with a population density not much greater than the North Pole?

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY VACCARO

Soleri commands a ferocious devotion among his young disciples.

"I don't think that's really important," Soleri tells us, when Ms. Munns summons us for our appointed interview. "What we have to do is come out with a prototype. To this point we're so far away from any available answers that the main thing is to trigger something, to light a match somewhere, and then see what happens. And if I was right in the middle of the Eastern Seaboard, I'd be paralyzed . . . by the cost of just settling there, the cost of just convincing anyone to make the first move. I wouldn't even begin to think of any initiative there."

But what of the cities that already exist? Is there anything in Arcosanti that promises to help them?

"We are presented," Soleri says, "with a population problem, an ecological problem, an energy problem, a segregation problem, a bureaucratic problem, a problem of hopefulness, a problem of quality, just to list a few—land destruction and so on. Those are enormous problems. And we are not really facing them. I maintain that *I* am trying to face them with this methodology. So that's not a little thing. That's a big, *big* deal.

"You can go through the list and explain why I think I am really working at the core of them and I think I am very rational about it—and nobody has been able to say that I am not. I trust in what I am doing because I believe I'm there at the center of it."

For all of its distinctive architecture and the underlying theory, how will Arcosanti, we ask him, be any different in the end from any 10-acre, 25-story structure, any different from, say, a few blocks of Manhattan?

"The main difference," he says, "is somehow the self-reliance of this system as against New York. Because there you might have a dormitory, but it's utterly dependent on other things surrounding it, so it tends to be quite parasitic. What we are trying to do is not be self-sufficient, which does not make any sense, but have enough so we can barter this for that; but at the same time, find, within the confines of Arcosanti, enough options and enough wealth of information and learning that it makes it for all a good place. So the idea is to desegregate and put together. Fundamentally, that's the idea, because the city makes sense only if it's a learning machine of some sort, with information, very rich and substantial, which you cannot find in a dormitory, or an apartment house. Those are segregated environments. And I think the main stumbling block to having a society which is satisfied of itself is this segregation. We parcel our lives in little bites and then we cannot put it together—and not being able to put it together means disaster."

We ask Soleri for some hard facts and figures to support his contention that Arcosanti is superior; how will its heating system minimize pollution?

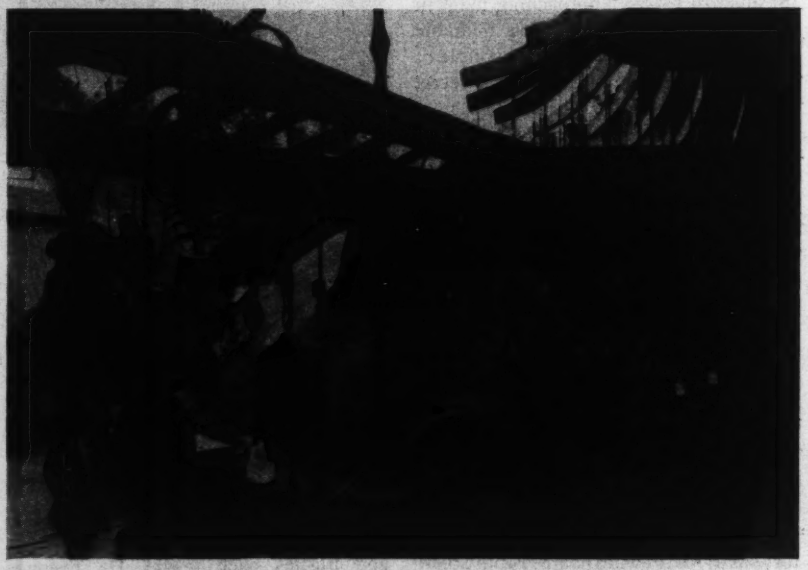
"Fundamentally, we are coming out with a system which is far more frugal because it is pulled together, so instead of having 600 little houses or big houses, plus shelters for institutional things like banks, churches, you have one house. That's the main anti-pollution device. Instead of using the automobile, you use legs, so it's a vast change and a fantastic reduction. Instead of destroying or transforming 90 percent of the land, you transform 1.5 percent."

But can't he give us a detailed comparison of the energy requirements of Arcosanti, pop. 3,000, vs. a conventional American town of that size?

"No," he said. "All of those things are pretty demanding and expensive in time and money and know-how. We cannot afford those things. We are taking them one by one."

Without such statistics, how can he expect his claims to be believed?

"Many of those things would be interesting to figure, and each one has its own price tag. And if we want to go that way, then we have to go the orthodox way,



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOAN NEARY

Soleri makes most of his money selling bells.

which means fill up mountains, stacks, of paper—and sit on them. And I happen not to believe in that. So when the thing comes up, we'll try to deal with it. The guideline, I think, is pretty simple. Instead of having four walls and a roof to take care of by convection, transmission of heat, you eliminate more than 50 percent of that. So, it's reasonable to expect you cut your energy demand on a proportional basis. It's really following the organic wisdom. By organic wisdom, I mean the physiological structure of any kind of living system."

As something becomes more complex, it becomes smaller?

"Yes," he says, "more compact, becomes a solid, because a solid has more capacity to use energy better than the flat system."

Still, we persist, without numbers, this is just a hunch of his.

"What I mean," Soleri says, "is we have some ideas about it and we are going to get into them when we get to the point when we are going to need hard facts, hard data. But if we decided we would not move until everything is down on paper, we would not move. We would do the same kind of thing that any academia does—put up a course in a college and investigate problems and they say, 'Here is the investigation.' It goes in the library and you can consult it. Well, that's very good, but when you're dealing with the environment, you have to go beyond that. You have to *not* produce stacks of paper—you have to produce the environment. And if you cannot afford both of them, then you have a choice of staying with the simulation and theory—or trying to move into factual things, and that's what we are trying to do."

We ask him how he felt about questions like the old architect's: "What's he trying to prove?"

"This might look funny," Soleri says, "and very naive as we go about it. But there's something very substantial about it."

Arcosanti seemed naive to us, we tell him, as a commercial venture.

He smiles. "You know the trouble we are in is partly because we believe *commercial* is reality and we are finding out that it is not. We are fooling ourselves still, by believing that the gross national product is an indication of how great we are as humans. But the greatness is not there at all. Now we are finding out, slowly, it isn't."

Just the same, we persist, isn't it going to take some hefty commercial backing to go up 25 stories?

"If you look at what is there now," Soleri said, "take a contractor there, a businessman, and tell him this has been done without capital, he would tell you that this is not true. He cannot believe it. The idea that there is only one way of going about making life interesting or important is an absurd idea. In fact, it seems to be becoming more and more evident that it is a wrong idea. Our wealth is starting to show how squalid life can be under conditions which we call affluence."

We talk about the city as a place for children to live, as a classroom in itself, as he believes the city should be, and of the inquiries he says he gets from people who think they would like to live in Arcosanti. "We have people who have been with us for a number of years and they don't get wealthy; they don't get an easy life; they don't get comfort for the moment. And they are still with us. And all the young people who are coming are paying to come and work—so there must be something beyond the interest of having a six-week vacation."

He pauses, his soft, brown eyes solemn. "I think," he says, "the fundamental problem with our society is that we don't have any ideals."

Is it profitable, we ask, to be a visionary in a society without ideals?

"I don't have time to think about those things."

Everyone has to eat, we insisted.

"Those things automatically came about," he says. "At this moment I could just stop everything and just sit down and have a good time because there is a machinery that goes on and produces to survive very well. But that is not the point."

Well, we want to know, is he merely eking out a living here in the desert—or is arcology a profitable line to be in at the moment?

"It depends," Soleri says, "on what you mean by profit."

Money, we say, money.

"We have enough to eat—enough to buy sandals. No, but we, my family, we could have a very luxurious life, buy Cadillacs [he drives an old Dodge van] . . . at this point could do all those things, at ease, because we have a certain production, a certain income. But we are putting all that into the project."

We marvel that Soleri is not engaged in any commercial architecture.

"No," he says, "but we sell bells, which is much more profitable than a little office. We try to make a living without selling architecture—selling *out* architecture."

It was time for the Urban Refugee to leave. I ask Paolo Soleri if he expects the urban crisis to be resolved any time soon. "A couple of hundred years, maybe. I mean not resolved, but taking new directions."

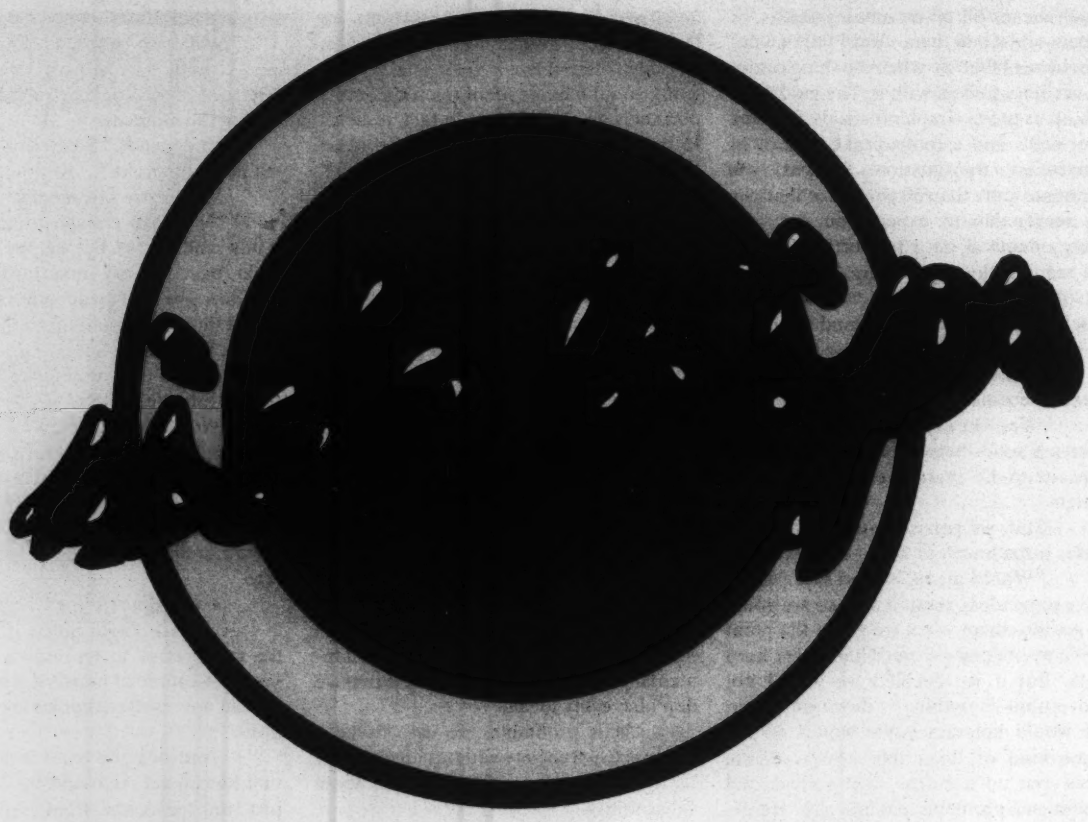
And does he *really* believe, I ask, that he can get Arcosanti up 25 floors on just the proceeds from selling windchimes and books and speeches and tuition?

"I'll tell you later," he says. "It would be nice."

We wish him luck. He says he will need it. ●

Ideally, recycling is part of the Soleri solution. Spillover, however, seems to be part of the problem.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOAN NEARY



Live! from your city courtroom

New York City, N. Y.—
Once upon a time Eddie Willoughby punched tickets on the railroad. For years all that passed before his steel-blue eyes was a sea of faceless passengers and a blur of scenery through dirty windows. Since he retired, things have picked up—he's had a front row seat for a live performance by Zsa Zsa Gabor; listened to a weeping Jackie Kennedy Onassis describe how tough it is to be constantly photographed by the persistent paparazzi, Ron Galella; watched judgment pronounced on Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, Adam Clayton Powell and Clifford Irving; and, most recently, stared directly at Maurice Stans and John Mitchell as they stood before the bar. Ed Willoughby is by now a dedicated courtroom buff.

So is Abraham
Up until ten years ago, Abe lived a quiet life: an endless cycle of waking, working, eating and sleeping— day after day, year after year. Then one day he retired. Now Abraham Herman's life is filled with narcotics agents telling hair-raising tales of undercover police work. Right before his eyes, beautiful women describe sex-filled murders and action-packed bank robberies. Surly tough guys brag about their last desperate run for the border with that gold-mine load of heroin. Abraham Herman listens.

Veronica Patsilelis, a stately blond woman with a banker husband and a college professor son, used to greet people in a restaurant. Now she's frequently consulted by defense attorneys in the midst of major cases. They often wonder how they're doing with an inscrutable judge, and Mrs. Patsilelis can tell them. She's a good luck charm to some of the finest prosecutors in the United States. If they want to know how the jury's likely to vote after two months of incredibly boring testimony, Veronica's the one to ask. She's wined and dined by notorious defendants. Notorious or not, they can get pretty nervous facing 20 years. Veronica Patsilelis can be very, very reassuring.

Abraham Herman and Veronica Patsilelis and Eddie Willoughby watch trials like other people watch birds or collect stamps. They rarely miss a day at the United States Courthouse in Manhattan. When they start talking about the cases they've seen and the testimony they've heard and the shenanigans they've witnessed, a crowd is likely to gather.

Between them, they and their fellow aficionados haven't missed much in the past 35 years or so.

For Abe Herman, the lure of the

court is action. "Sometimes at night," he explains, "I read spy books or escape stories, and try to find my own escape in those. But those stories are pretty much nothing compared to the stories we hear from the agents and double agents who testify. The things we hear and see are absolutely fantastic.

"Let me tell you about Zsa Zsa," Abe exclaims, clapping his calloused hands and flashing a toothy grin, "I watched her in that jewelry trial." "That jewelry trial" was in 1973, when Zsa Zsa Gabor, decked out in a full-length mink over a black velvet dress, fluttered her eyelashes at the jury and told them why she was suing the Waldorf for allowing her to be robbed of a quarter of a million dollars in jewels.

"She thought she was some kind of goddess," said Herman. "She wouldn't answer the questions properly. She was arrogant. She kept talking back to the attorneys. Why, at one point, she told the judge: 'I'm not a housewife. I'm an actress.' Now Jackie Kennedy, she was something totally different. I watched her testify against Ron Galella for bothering her. She wasn't like Zsa Zsa at all. She behaved really well. She had real class."

"Yeah," added Herman's courtroom colleague the Arab, in a heavy New York accent. "Real class. In fact, that's the difference between Jackie and Zsa Zsa. Class versus ass."

Why do these grey-haired old men dress up each day and come to court-fighting rush-hour traffic and lousy weather both ways? "Well," explained the Arab, "this way, you get up in the morning with a destination. When I retired, I lost one destination. Now I've found another, without punching a clock."

"What else would I do if I didn't do this?" asks Abraham Herman. "Watch television and sit around talking to a bunch of old shoemakers? Stare at the walls and listen to the clock run out?"

—By Elliot Brown

Lowell Weicker just isn't a liberal

New London, Conn.—"I'm not a kid," the guest speaker is saying. "I'm not a wild-eyed liberal. And. . . I'm in no one's pocket."

"Doesn't his honesty impress you?" whispers a hotel waiter who has slipped through the kitchen door I lean against.

"Hard to say," I whisper back. "He's a politician."

Politician and honesty are not words which I commonly utter in the same breath. But I am as impressed as anyone with the televised revelation that not all Watergate Committee members are partisan morons. What the guest speaker tells the Southeastern Connecticut Chamber of Commerce luncheon, however, does not fit the new found penetrating image many (including me) have assumed for him. In fact, as I close my eyes and listen to the stream of idyllic hopes for the future, praises for the military and broad appeals to a vague national brotherhood, I know it can just as easily be Barry Goldwater or Richard Nixon addressing the sea of bald heads and half-eaten ice cream desserts.

From a physical standpoint, there is no mistaking Lowell Weicker. At 6′ 6″ and 215 pounds, America's largest senator is a tanned, wire-rimmed vision of vigor. Viewing the boyish full face and massive body for the first time leads me to fantasy: I wonder what a pairing of Baby Huey, the over-sized cartoon duck, and Frank Howard, the gargantuan baseball slugger, would produce? Senatorial material? "Most underrated eyebrows on television," I scribble, as my friend the waiter bends my ear once more.

"Sounds like he's running for election three years early," advises the white-coated sage. "I've seen a million of these here lunches, and I'll tell you, most of the speakers, they're full of shit. But the Senator, he's quite a man. I'd vote for him—Republican or not."

The Senator is quickly polishing off his prepared comments, the same ones he will make a dozen times in the next five days of touring the state, and hitting home the themes most relevant to this audience.

For these businessmen, as well as the New York executives who are neighbors of Weicker in the Connecticut Gold Coast capital of Greenwich, rules of proper social behavior are strictly enforced. Solid citizens drink only the finest morning coffee, make their millions with the minimum of publicity and never rock the political boat, even when a dastardly Democrat sits in the White House. Lowell Weicker, however, drinks Coca-Cola for breakfast and likes to eat Friendly's hamburgers for lunch. But what really upsets his fellow Connecticut businessmen is that Weicker has violated a much more important standard of decency. Local boy makes good is usually a heartwarming tale, but when success comes by way of accusing the rich man's Republican president, the local boy has a lot of explaining to do. Which is exactly what Lowell Weicker has been doing on these frequent trips back home to talk to his constituency.

"In order for Americans to rally around the flag once more, we need to accept a new definition of what that flag means," Weicker says. "That flag of ours stands not only for democracy, but also for industry, technology and power."

The businessmen seem to be pacified. But in case they are not, Weicker follows up with a litany of other solid Republican positions: the military must be respected for keeping us a free people; the quality of politics, quickly edging toward the gutter, must be re-elevated; and the adventuring American spirit, exemplified by the space program, must be broadened so that new housing can be built, mass transit can be improved and people will no longer turn away and allow others to be mugged on their doorsteps.

It is a fast ball, straight down the middle. A pitch for America the Beautiful, for another New Frontier. And everyone, especially my friend the waiter, loves it. Comments one state Republican leader, "Lowell is correcting some false impressions that may have been created by his Watergate activities. But he's not pulling any punches. It doesn't hurt to be a liberal in Connecticut these days, but he just isn't one."

—By Fred Mann

The scandals of Irwindale

A tiny California town writes the scenario for Watergate—with a Nixon in the cast

By Gary Atkins

Now the pink of Japanese cherry and redbud and the chaste white of dogwood are beginning to illuminate the parks and reflecting pools, the lawns and the Tidal Basin of the nation's capital, and the first tentative tourists are gathering to poke their inquisitive noses through the palings of the iron fence surrounding 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, lusting for a glimpse of their President or, at least, some other eminent personage, never mind how honest he is. On the other side of the country nothing, or virtually nothing, will illuminate the tiny city-enclave of Irwindale, cratered and barren of all but a few weathered buildings, and nobody will gather for a glimpse of the mayor or anyone else.

It is hard to imagine two places more unlike—Washington, D.C., and Irwindale, California—yet the two have a great deal in common: people in both places play the same kind of politics, dirty tricks and all; the stakes are different but the style is the same. Irwindale (one comes to think of it as Irwingate) might have written the scenario for the national scandal that will not out, the one, you will remember, that began, overtly at least, when E. Howard Hunt began planting bugs in Democratic headquarters in the Watergate hotel-apartment complex in Washington in May, 1972. Irwindale had been up to that sort of thing for 15 years or so, and just as in the Watergate case, one scandal or crisis follows another—begets another, it seems. If the style seems to be the same, the Irwindale cast is decidedly different, light-years less sinister and more zany than that Washington bunch, who are embarrassing and intolerable. There is a blessed innocence in the comic character of the Irwindale drama that makes the actors believable, even unto their own chorus of left-handed plumbers.

Ricardo, a chunky 45-year-old ovoid who buses beer bottles in his Mexican cafe when he isn't cabbing around Irwindale in his white Cadillac, makes his own specialty these days, a "spiked enchilada," in memory of the time he was arrested for supposedly trying to blackmail his second cousin, the mayor. He doesn't often talk about it to strangers, but if he begins, the words start flowing fast, until his arm is bobbing and his voice is at a bellow, drowning whatever chattering or dishwashing, or—if it happens to be a Friday or Saturday night—whatever mariachis there may be in the box-like highwayside restaurant that Ricardo has had painted with sombreros and palm trees.

Ricardo is a political "out," who says he is battling to free his people from vassalage to a rock quarry company. In trying to get back "in," to get the power to do so, he has been indicted for extortion (charge thrown out), conspiracy to commit libel (dismissed), fraudulent voter registration (convicted, but he's appealing), administration of a dangerous drug (dismissed), subsidizing votes for his own candidates (convicted, appealing), false imprisonment (dismissed), and securing fraudulent votes (convicted, appealing). The wavers in the graph of Ricardo's life, you see, so closely resemble those of his little hometown that you might say Ricardo's story *is* Irwindale's story. "You might say," Ricardo mutters as he slowly eases into his tale, "that here in Irwindale, the whole thing started off on the wrong foot."

In the 17 years of its cityhood, Irwindale has gone through six recall elections. Nine mayors. Ten city managers—one of whom lasted ten days. Nine city attorneys. Five police chiefs. A number of attempts to deport so-called political bosses across the Mexican border two hours to the south. The arrest of a mayor on a morals charge. The arrest of an ex-mayor for extortion (that's Ricardo). Accusations that city managers have been "financially irregular." Charges that innumerable citizens have encouraged wholesale vote fraud, false registration and ballot-box stuffing. All this in a town of only 784 people.

The town itself is located in Los Angeles County, about 20 miles east of the city, in the unlikely surrounding of an otherwise staid middle-class suburbia covering the San Gabriel Valley. The cities in the valley bulge: Covina, 30,000 people; West Covina, 68,000; Duarte, 15,000; Azusa, 25,000; Baldwin Park, 47,000.

Only Irwindale is different, surrounded like an island by stucco houses with dwarf trees and well-groomed yucca plants. Most of its 9½ square miles have no roads. What few people it has are scattered. Its city center has one gas station, one hamburger stand, one grocery store with half-bare shelves. Many of its people still live in rotting, shotgun-barrel houses with tarpaper roofs. Yet the town is one of the more golden in this golden land. It has an assessed valuation of $29 million, larger than some of its more populated neighbors, and it has a city budget approaching $1 million per year. Which isn't bad for 784 people.

The reason is those rock quarries Ricardo is so concerned about. It is almost impossible to enter Irwindale, and certainly inconceivable to drive through Ir-

The writer is a reporter for the Riverside (California) Press-Enterprise.

Ricardo serving up his *safe* "spiked enchilada" (with refried beans and rice).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT ZIEGLER

windale, without passing the crater-sized holes that have turned the formerly flat wash of the San Gabriel River into a land of pitted canyons and cliffs, all sunk several hundred feet below road level. Some chasms are as much as ten city blocks square, and on a misty or smoggy day the trees and houses sitting on the far side of a quarry hole float like a barely visible apparition through a grey unrealness. Seven of Irwindale's 9½ square miles belong to the quarries—Manning Rock, Livingston-Graham, Owl Rock, Arrow Rock and the biggest, Consolidated Rock. The companies came when Southern California boomed and the golden land of the automobile demanded roads paved with stone and concrete. Irwindale provided the white, smooth, rounded rocks perfect for crushing and paving, rocks brought down by the San Gabriel River during prehistoric floods.

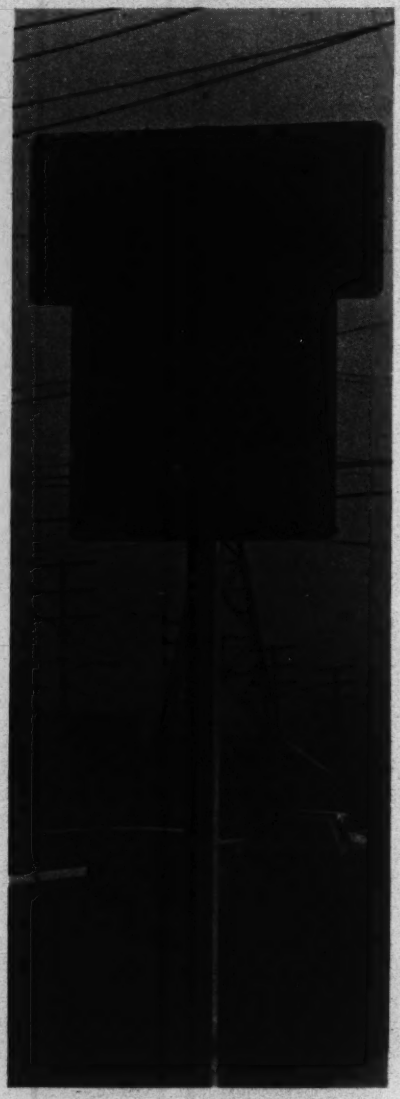
Along with the rocks, though, the companies also found a Cinderella community of poor Mexicans, who had settled in Irwindale simply because it seemed such a wasteland of rock and sand and jack rabbits. They wanted to be left alone. So they built their stone houses and their rock churches and they cut ditches through the sand to bring water from the San Gabriel; they married and intermarried and raised families that did the same until today almost all Irwindale is related—in contrast to the mobile, nuclear white families that populate the rest of the valley—and some in the quarry town can even trace through seven generations to the Mexican families that first came to what was initially called Sonoratown and Jack Rabbit Town.

In the early days they were poor, but, as one old-timer once recalled, they were happy. "We used to enjoy life . . . just a few houses in the middle of hundreds of barren, waterless acres . . . and for hunting and riding horses. . . . No modern conveniences or civilization, no cars, no bikes. . . . No gangsters, no fights, no problems."

Then came the white explosion. And the highways. And the yards landscaped with decorative white rocks and pebbles, also from Irwindale. And came the rock quarries, too, with clouds of dust and trucks rumbling up and down the dirt and mud gutterless roads where the Mexican children played.

The Irwindale Chicanos were welcome only as laborers in menial jobs. They were told to stay out of the new movie houses in other cities, or assigned special sitting sections. Told they could swim in neighboring swimming pools only the day before the pool was to be cleaned. Laughed at. The people drew into themselves, looked to their family ties, distrusted outsiders.

Irwindale: you know you're there when you pass the sign.



Then, in the 1950s, the outsiders, who by then were preparing to incorporate new towns, noticed that the Mexicans were sitting beside some of the most potentially valuable land in the entire valley. Rocks were gold, and they could be taxed. The outsiders began talking about annexing Irwindale and including the quarries within their own cities. That was when the rock companies, led by Conrock, made their move.

Ricardo remembers: "Before any of us in the community had any idea of what was going on, the companies were moving to incorporate."

Their aim was to prevent the annexation by any other valley cities, and to secure a tax break for themselves by creating an incorporated city that would not levy either a property tax or a tonnage tax on the amount of rocks hauled away. Irwindale's money would come primarily from its share of a sales tax. Ricardo, whose full name is Richard Breceda, says that "we knew they wanted something when they came in here to incorporate. Before the vote, they threw a picnic . . . they had free soda pop and hamburgers and hot dogs.

"People who were wiser questioned it. Nobody had ever given us anything. Why now?

"But people attended, and pretty soon they came around with their petitions to incorporate. And we signed them."

In 1957 Irwindale became a city, what in California is known as a "special interest" city, sharing in common with other special interest cities nightmarishly gerrymandered boundaries that, in Irwindale's case, saved a swath of the valley for the quarry companies which were being pressed by residential expansion, but forced Irwindale's citizens to live scattered around the 9½ square miles in any cranny they could find between quarry holes. There is almost no room for new houses.

Incorporation meant money. Paved streets. Curbs. Gutters. A city hall. One of the first bilingual libraries in the valley. A chance to run their own affairs for a people who had been shunned by the other cities and even by their own county. They built their own park with their own swimming pool. But incorporation also meant politics. And political cohabitation with the rock companies. "You could see city officials riding in cars with Conrock officials," Ricardo says, his voice beginning to rise. "Going golfing with them—even though they didn't know how to golf. Going to parties with them." Conrock's lawyer even became Irwindale's first city attorney. This is when the scandals and politicking started, putting an end to whatever innocent family *communidad* there might have been in the earlier years.

Publicly, the issues in Irwindale have never really changed—what to do with the quarry holes and what to do without them. Several are already abandoned, including two left by Conrock in front of Irwindale's city hall and community park. The companies simply pick up and move somewhere else within the 7 square miles zoned for rock digging, creating themselves a new hole and leaving the city with a pit big enough to bury several blocks of downtown Los Angeles. When they operate, the holes are a constant source of noise and dust; when they are empty, they are a constant source of ugliness and dangerous annoyance. Often

Not the Mesabi Range
but Irwindale: what can it do about
holes in the ground?

enough, things do get buried in them—children, bodies and parts of bodies dumped by passing murderers.

And one of these days, the quarries are going to simply run out of usable rocks, leaving Irwindale with some very large holes, a very small tax base and a nonexistent industry.

So what to do, with them and without them, is the public issue. Some say that what it really comes down to is who is going to run the town, power being the drive even if it is power only in a spot of a town. On one side is Ricardo's faction, which is said to be anti-rock (Ricardo says he has pushed for things like concrete walls and landscaping to hide the ugly pits, but that costs the companies money) and which has been accused of wanting to bring legalized gambling into town as a new source of city, not to mention personal, income; or, on the other side, a pro-rock faction led by Ricardo's second cousin, Dick Diaz Jr., a well-trimmed man given to horn-rimmed glasses, double-breasted suits and mustaches cut just so. Diaz is the man who almost ate that original spiked enchilada filled with drugs by a pretty, 24-year-old girl named—of all names—Diane Nixon, and who ended up chloroformed in a West Covina townhouse with a naked Miss Nixon supposedly set to pose for Polaroid pictures on his bosom.

This chapter began shortly before Irwindale's last town election in 1972. It wasn't White House choreography, but the style was the same. By then, Diaz and his faction had gotten to be known as stabilizers in the middle of political pandemonium. The son of a Conrock employee who was one of the original proponents of cityhood and companyhood, Diaz had become mayor in 1962, when he was still a round-faced 25-year-old cherub with a flattop, and he had served for four years, longer than any other Irwindale mayor had or has since. He would be elected again in 1972, and even when he wasn't mayor he would remain a councilman. During his term, the recall elections that had occurred as regularly as the general elections were stopped, and so were the efforts by the "other side" to bring in legalized gambling in the form of "skill games" like panguine and lo-ball and poker. Diaz and, some have said, the rock companies didn't want it. The status quo went undisturbed. Then, a few months before the 1972 election, Diaz had a fight with his wife. Funny, how something like this changes the course of events. Right after the fight one of the town's realtors, Joseph Tintary, 51 years old, father to ten children, grandfather to 27, bowler, golfer and church supporter who started meals with a prayer; award-winning real estate broker who couldn't rent, lease or sell a virtually vacant building he owned in Irwindale, and—incidentally—a panguine pusher who had been frustrated by the Diaz-controlled council, decided to become a matchmaker. In no time Dick Diaz Jr. was meeting women who could help him forget his wife and put aside thoughts about his family and two daughters. And Joe Tintary, like a benevolent grandfather, adopted the name of Joe Grande and began renting freeway-side motel rooms and adults-only apartments for the new women in Dick's life.

The first was a 25-year-old divorcee named Patti Payne. One night Patti invited Dick up to her Covina motel room, fixed him two Scotches braced with crushed tablets of a hypnotic drug called Quaalude and sat back to wait. And she waited and waited, but the drug didn't take. Could it be, perhaps, because Dick had been warned earlier by an anonymous phone caller to watch out for women. Well, yes. He went home.

The second girl worked a bit better. According to the indictments that were eventually handed up by the Los Angeles County Grand Jury, Miss Diane Nixon was found, and Ricardo was called in to arrange the necessary introductions. He supposedly presented Miss Nixon and one

of her friends to one of Diaz's friends and fellow councilmen, Ricardo Chico, and shortly afterwards, Diaz, Chico and the two women double-dated. In no time Dick and Diane had a sizzling love affair going. One night, in an apartment the grand jury said was rented for her by "Joe Grande," Diane fixed Dick a plate of homemade enchiladas, spiked with 21 tablets of crushed Quaalude. He began to eat them with her watching, but then suddenly scooted his fork around and ate her refried beans instead. The enchiladas tasted tinny, he said. Tintary went looking for a new drug.

A fortnight later, Dick and Diane played pool at the West Covina Kora Kove Bowling Alley, and then went to her new apartment, a townhouse only a couple of miles away from Joe Tintary's West Covina home. She invited him to stay the night. He said fine, as long as she woke him up early enough to drive home and take his daughters to school. Diaz isn't certain what time it was when he next woke up. All he remembers is a white, stinking rag pressed into his face and arms pinning him against Diane's sheets. He struggled, and someone yelled, "Tell him we have a gun and we'll use it." So he shouted, "Go ahead you son of a bitch! You'll have to!" He thought he heard someone crying. "Run, Diane, run," he yelled. Then he was out—too fast for the cameras Tintary brought in.

Next morning, about 6:30, Diaz woke up. "I couldn't find my socks," he remembers.

"And I couldn't find my watch. And Diane was gone . . . and the bed was all made up." He dressed as best he could, walked out of the townhouse and drove back to Irwindale to the police station where, muttering incoherently about a fear that his wife had been kidnapped and repeatedly asking the few people around the station if they could smell chloroform in his trimmed hair, he reported the struggle.

Meanwhile, according to another grand jury that came along investigating a little later, Ricardo Breceda was busying himself with more than just introductions. He had been a council member for 12 years, but for ten of those he and his supporters had been in the minority. Now, with the 1972 election coming up, he allegedly—there are always allegedlys and meanwhiles in stories like these—began making plans to seize control of the city council by getting his own candidates elected to the two seats up for the vote. That would have given Breceda's side the majority on the five-man council. The grand jury indictments say that he met a North Hollywood promoter named Robert Wilson, who once upon a time had tried to concoct a worldwide lottery headquartered on a Polynesian island, at the Santa Anita Race Track, about 10 miles from Irwindale, at the foot of the San Gabriel Mountains. It was already early winter, 1972, when they met, that time of the year when the tour books remind you that there are nearly 1 million special Santa Anita pansies in bloom at the race track and also that time of the year when politicians' minds turn to finding ways to overcome the expected frustrations of the upcoming campaign.

Breceda supposedly complained to Wilson that the other side was moving in voters to assure that the status quo would remain unchanged in the April council election. Breceda has a list of homes that he says Conrock has purchased in Irwindale, through secret trust deeds, since 1970—about 40 houses in all, he claims—and he accuses the rock company of using a real estate agent to screen renters for any connections they may have with Breceda's group. But he can't get the county district attorney to take it seriously. Supposedly, though, Breceda decided to try the same tactic. So into Irwindale came Wilson's two sons, their roommates and friends and girlfriends. One of Ricardo's campaign workers, a solidly built, silver-haired mother of eight named Monica Lopez, also allegedly encouraged her niece and one of her friends to register. A Mexican-American family was settled a block away from Ricardo's house and told that if they helped Ricardo out in the election, a couple months free rent could be arranged. People who did not live in town and who, according to their grand jury testimony later, apparently did not know about the legalities of residency and voter registration were encouraged to register with false Irwindale addresses and advised who Ricardo was supporting.

Diane fixed Dick a plate full of enchiladas spiked with 21 Quaaludes, but Dick just ate beans and rice

All together, according to the indictments, Breceda and Mrs. Lopez increased Irwindale's electorate by 15 that spring. Not all voted, but Joe Breceda, Ricardo's brother, ended up taking one of the two council seats. Diaz's dating friend, Chico, retained the other. Ricardo hadn't gotten firm control, but the balance looked better. Then it all fell apart. The new council hadn't met more than once before the indictments started, first in the spiked enchilada affair, then in the vote fraud case.

Instead of his panguine parlor, grandfather Tintary got a year's suspended sentence in the Los Angeles County jail and three years on probation. That came after Patti Payne, along with two other accomplices, switched, turned state's evidence and started telling the D.A. it was all a plot to force Diaz into accepting some harmless card playing. Diane also got a prison sentence. So did Tintary's son-in-law, who was charged with chloroforming the councilman.

Patti, at least according to one report, lived a bit happily ever after, at least for awhile. She and one of the accomplices—who during the trial was shot in the eye in La Puente, another L.A. suburb, by a man carrying a pistol in a paper bag—fell in love.

Ricardo was found innocent of all the charges of extortion and conspiracy, the judge having ordered them dropped since nobody but one of the accomplices could testify about his alleged involvement, but he still lost his council seat in a special recall election held especially for the purpose of purging the council of both Ricardo and his second cousin.

Diaz remained though, and Ricardo went back to his restaurant with the painted sombreros and palm trees and started making spiked enchiladas with green sauce and sour cream. He figures the rock companies did him in.

For awhile it was quiet, the feuding catharsized. Then, from nowhere—or rather, from Nate and Al's Deli in downtown Beverly Hills—came a free-lance scandaleer, who did not even have a Mexican surname or even a cousin in Irwindale, but still surely knew how to draw the city into even more of a political morass than it had been in: Jerome Pierce, a one-time overweight introvert who took to flowered shirts and hair-spray-ad hair and a diet that trimmed him to 175 pounds.

No one knows for sure how the Pierce affair was begat—one report suggested it began when Irwindale's apparently amenable police chief, Ernie Aguirre, decided he might want to bug conversations of the leading actors in the spiked enchilada affair. Coincidentally, Morris Currey, a deputy to California's lieutenant governor, Ed Reinecke, wanted to find someone to give a weapons permit to a longtime buddy, Jerry Pierce. The only problem was that Pierce had a grand theft conviction, something Currey says he did not know at the time.

With the help of a former Reinecke

Councilman Ricardo Chico,
pal of former mayor Dick Diaz.

campaign worker, who had gotten a job with a local county sheriff's department, Aguirre and Currey found each other. The ex-Reinecke worker apparently suggested to Aguirre that Pierce might know something about the intricacies of bugging. Asked to issue Pierce a weapons permit, the chief at first was disturbed—although expunged, California law prohibits even cleared felons from carrying guns. Still, Pierce obviously had some influential friends, so he got the gun permit. And then began a warm friendship.

Pierce gave Aguirre a $500 scoped rifle and a .22 caliber Derringer and a .45 Colt automatic. He flew him to Sacramento to see "Morey" Currey and took him on a three-day junket to Hartford, Conn., the headquarters of the Colt gun industry. The police chief insists the gifts were friendly ones, not payment for the permit, but even so, he had a problem.

"I said," Aguirre said, "what can I give to a man who has everything?

"I decided to give him a badge." And a police ID card. And, reportedly, even a title of special investigator. Jerry Pierce became Lt. Jerome Pierce—honorary lieutenant, Aguirre would say later, but the distinction, if it existed, wasn't to sink in.

Pierce had two gold-plate badges made, one for himself and one for the chief. A ruby was set in the center of each, and above the shield of law an eagle's diamond eye glistened. He gave one to Aguirre as a birthday gift.

Not long afterwards Pierce allegedly decided to settle an old vendetta. He had an ex-girl, Monica Gregorich, who had not only run off with a man named David Maharam but had had Pierce arrested on charges of threatening her life over the telephone. The case had eventually been dropped by the district attorney, but the bad feelings remained.

On November 9, 1972, Lt. Jerry Pierce got from the Beverly Hills Police Department a warrant charging Miss Gregorich with filing a false police report. Two days later, he spotted her and Maharam in Nate and Al's, one of the places Beverly Hills likes to go for its pickled lox, chopped herring and garlic cod.

Pierce telephoned Aguirre to ask what he should do. The warrant was issued, the badge available. Aguirre told him to call the Beverly Hills police. He did, but while he was waiting, he became impatient. He decided he would take them into custody himself, enforcing his own complaint and his own warrant, and this began a rather strange episode. Pierce strolled in, past the pickles and the wine bottles, and up to the couple's booth. They knew well who he was, but he identified himself as a police officer, pulled out the warrant and told them they were under arrest. Their astonishment didn't last long.

Monica hopped up, poked him in the ribs, jabbed him in the face and darted across the deli, shrieking, "He's crazy!" Maharam leaped up, too, socked Pierce in the face, smashed him in the stomach and stopped only when the other astounded deli customers managed to restrain him. Freed, Lt. Pierce careened across the restaurant, latched onto Miss Gregorich's arms and handcuffed her. Help for Lt. Pierce came from an unexpected source.

A Los Angeles County Superior Court judge, who was resting next to the pickle counter, saw Pierce flash his badge and walked over to inform Maharam that he really ought to behave himself since hitting a police officer constituted a felony. Insanely, Maharam looked at him, grabbed a stack of deli plates and smashed them over Pierce's head.

The Beverly Hills police finally arrived and carried the group off, rescuing what little dignity was left to the deli. Pierce reportedly filed the arrest report, signing it as "Lt. J.A. Pierce."

A skeptical D.A. and L.A. *Times* reporters found out about the affair, and the citizens in Irwindale discovered what had been happening when the couple arrested filed a $2.55 million suit— against Beverly Hills for issuing the warrant and backing up Pierce, against the state of California because of Morris Currey's role and against the city of Irwindale because of Aguirre's gifts to Pierce.

Many of the legal cases are still in court and Aguirre is no longer police chief. In June, 1973, the would-be cop was found guilty of driving under the influence of drugs after he was arrested on a West Hollywood street dressed only in G-string shorts and an orange shortie robe. In December, 1973, he was convicted of grand theft and insurance fraud after filing an inflated insurance claim. Later the same month, his father found him unconscious on the floor of a borrowed apartment, possibly because of a drug overdose.

Dick Diaz Jr. went back to his wife, saying he had learned to appreciate her. He refuses to grant interviews.

Ricardo stayed at his restaurant, pending the outcome of his appeal, to continue his fight against the rock companies and for a wider commercial tax base for Irwindale.

The factions are still at each other. One person says she has been told that, like all prejudices, being a Breceda-ite or a Diaz-ite is now something handed down to the next generation. And no compromises seem likely. ●

NEW TIMES COST O
BUT YOU CAN

Five weeks before the mass media woke up to the story, NEW TIMES printed Joan Barthel's shocker about Peter Reilly, the Connecticut teenager accused of slashing and stomping his mother to death.

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Two "Godfathers" are better than one?

Hollywood keeps making director-producer-writer Francis Ford Coppola offers that he can't refuse. But he's getting tired of cooking up formulas

By Bob Mottley

The invitation had come from the director's personal *consigliori*: Francis Ford Coppola expects you to have lunch with him on the set of *The Godfather, Part II*, Sixth Street and Avenue B, on Manhattan's Lower East Side.

"In the movie business," according to a *Variety* source, "profits determine reputations. Coppola is King Midas, the most individually powerful U.S. filmmaker." His credits include directing the first *Godfather* (worldwide earnings: $142 million, ahead of *Gone with the Wind, The Sound of Music* and *The Exorcist*), writing the screenplay for *The Great Gatsby* and producing *American Graffiti* (U.S.-Canadian earnings: $9 million in six months). His most recent film, *The Conversation*, which Coppola calls a "cerebral thriller," is just going into release.

"The guy also has clout because of the deals he arranges," continued the source. "He conned Charles Bluhdorn of Gulf & Western into putting up $36 million for the Directors Company (a Coppola-dominated subsidiary of Paramount) and has been mentor and patron of fledgling directors George Lucas (*THX 1138, American Graffiti*) and Martin Scorsese (*Mean Streets*)."

As the cab rattled over the pitted narrow streets of Little Italy, I reviewed what I knew about Coppola. He was 35, worked out of San Francisco, had polio as a kid, once directed sexploitation films and gave the silent treatment to most interviewers. "He is liable to be quiet, enigmatic," a Paramount flack had forewarned, "but you'll get a good lunch."

The director's executive assistant, Mona Skager, a former Seven Arts assistant director who is about Coppola's age, was waiting at the barricade, keeping outsiders from the set. "We're having problems with the light, and he's very tired," she explained. We walked through a crowd of extras, men wearing vests and morning suits, fedoras pulled low over Sicilian faces, women with black shawls, all hurrying before shabby stores festooned with red, white and green bunting. It was 1918, and the Rosato Brothers were warring in Corleone Country.

Suddenly, we collided with Coppola. Hefty, about 220 pounds, with a full, shaggy, black beard, he was wearing a brown shirt, rumpled corduroy pants and a fur jacket draped over one shoulder, Indian-style. He seemed distracted, but shook hands firmly. "A movie can be such a waste of time," he said, as if we had been talking previously. "We have been futzing around all morning with the light. It's an interior scene, with the camera looking through the windows onto this street. The light has been too strong. They don't help much," he said, gesturing to awnings strung from cranes. Coppola started toward the building housing the cameras, and I recalled that Al Pacino had told me that the director had led him around the first *Godfather* set, explaining the function of each piece of equipment, until Pacino lost most of his fear. But Skager aborted the tour, if one was planned, by shepherding us into a tiny office in one of the refurbished stores.

Coppola stretched himself over two chairs, and looked very much like an amiable panda. He had not stopped talking. "There's no real difference between *The Godfather, The Exorcist* or *American Graffiti*," he said. "They are done the same way: actors are instructed to 'play a role' on an invisible stage in front of cameras, the film is shot in shattered fragments, and their performances don't jell until the editing is done, if then. These routines haven't changed in decades, and I'm bored by them.

"*The Conversation* is an attempt to go beyond this," he continued. "It was written five years ago, long before Watergate, as a psychological horror film. My plan was to start a movie with a couple having a conversation in a public square, and show that they are being recorded. But then, instead of going with them, I decided to go with the man who recorded it and examine him. I thought I was writing a film about privacy, but I was also making a film about responsibility."

Coppola explained that in *The Conversation* "it is the same exact footage of the couple talking that is repeated. In other words, I haven't done a *Rashomon* where I have slightly changed the three-minute scene so that it works better for one meaning than another." The repeated footage has been cleverly edited, to avoid the boredom that straight repetition would have caused, as with the interminably replayed cassette of the villain's motive in *Klute*.

"I tried to obtain emotions from Gene Hackman," Coppola went on, "that would have been passed over if the picture had been done in the usual manner of thrillers." Hackman told Coppola that William Friedkin had cut introspective scenes of his from *The French Connection* because they slowed the tempo. "We worked the other way, letting Hackman's

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN HAMILL

character determine the pacing of his scenes. God, it was so much more rewarding than the formula schlock that I have to go back to this afternoon."

"Then why are you doing it?" I asked. Coppola groaned. "To make other pictures possible, and to buy time to relax. *The Conversation* would never have been finished or released if I hadn't agreed to direct *The Godfather, Part I*." His curse, apparently, was to earn $7 million (5 percent) from the original Mafia epic, and then to be enslaved by the sequel for a larger cut of its profits. "Si," he replied, "poverino [poor me]." I started to smile at the joke, but Coppola was serious.

Skager mentioned lunch, trying to probe Coppola's mood. The director shrugged and said, "I'd rather talk." Then she asked what she really wanted to know: was he going to attend the Academy Awards ceremony? Since Coppola had not won an Oscar for best director of *The Godfather, Part I*, the subject was a touchy one. "No," he said with artful indifference. "If we are back from Italy, I'll be into post-production, at home."

Coppola then launched into a discourse that, from other mouths, would have seemed self-serving; he spoke softly, gave others credit whenever possible and generally avoided trumpeting his own role in the films he had made. If there is a major force in his career, he feels it is his studio in San Francisco, American Zoetrope, which came into existence in 1969 and was named for the slotted drum with moving figures invented by Pierre Desvignes in the gaslight '80s as a toy for wealthy families. The germ of the Zoetrope idea took root when Coppola and Skager left Seven Arts (for which he had written the tolerable *Reflections in a Golden Eye*—a 1967 John Huston film starring Marlon Brando and Elizabeth Taylor) to take a crew of actors and technicians on the road to shoot *The Rain People*, an early film about women's liberation that was largely photographed in Nebraska. "Those of us who went along, including Jimmy Caan and Bobby Duvall, still talk about the cookouts in the back of the sound trailer," Coppola said. "I persuaded a lot of people connected with the film to come back with me to Zoetrope when we were ready to edit the picture. Since Warner Brothers was going to release *The Rain People*, they paid Zoetrope's bills until after the movie was released—and failed to find an audience." Why had the film flopped? "*The Rain People* was a very personal film, non-formula," Coppola said. "I was disappointed, but not surprised.

"Later on, I took the first *Godfather* back to Zoetrope to be edited," Coppola continued. "The production had been a horror, and I needed a tranquil place to work. Thank God I had my studio and my people. Now, it's going to be the same way with the sequel. We wrap up in Italy, and I take the stuff to Zoetrope. Next December, with *Part II*, we'll see if it happens again. It was in the post-production of *Part I* that I found what we had—those performances from Brando and Pacino that knit the film together.

"With some actors," Coppola said, "you have only to ask for more or less of a desired emotion. I would literally tell Brando to be 'more sad,' and watch the extra lines appear on his forehead. Pacino is very insecure away from live theater, and has to be approached through his totems. Jimmy Caan prefers little assignments to help him with a role. I try to reduce the tedium by giving my actors skits to work out during technical delays—charades that will get them deeper into their characterizations." Coppola noted that getting the confidence of his players depended upon an ambiance of empathy on the set, and that a comparable rapport with environment was necessary for post-production. "I would never edit a film away from my home base," he explained.

Coppola wishes that critics could see the original *Gatsby* script to see how much of the film is actually his

American Zoetrope has been in increasing demand as an offbeat, comfortable haven for editing and dubbing. It has one screening room large enough for the construction of interior sets, a kitchen, a wide arcade with an old-fashioned pool table and approximately $150,000 worth of cameras and tape equipment. "Most of our cameras are hand-held," Coppola said. "We rent bulkier ones if we need them."

Coppola had stocked Zoetrope just before the largess from Warner Brothers ran out. "I was heavily into debt," he recalled, "and was looking for another screenwriting assignment. Meantime, Paramount had seen the galley proofs of Puzo's *Godfather* and decided to make a quickie gangster film out of it. I was a known quantity, a reliable writer—the Oscar for *Patton*, which I shared with Edmund H. North, didn't hurt—and my pictures [*You're a Big Boy Now* and *Finian's Rainbow* in addition to *The Rain People*] had at least come in on reasonable budgets. Also, I had an Italian name." To ease his debts, Coppola agreed to direct the movie for $150,000 and that 5 percent of its profits.

"The studio undercut me in ways I still can't understand," Coppola said. "Bob Evans, Paramount's West Coast production chief, signed my sister—Talia Shire—for the role of Michael and Sonny Corleone's sister before I was hired, knowing that I might not be comfortable directing her. He constantly questioned my decisions, and encouraged well-meaning people like Gordon Willis, the director of cinematography, to go their own way. Maybe Evans was upset because *The Godfather, Part I* had become a more important film than I was a director. This time around, we haven't heard from him once. I hired Willis again so that the sequel would have the same look as *Part I*," Coppola said with a thin smile, "but we have had fewer arguments."

Fred Roos, co-producer of *Part II*, entered the office and picked up a phone by Coppola's left elbow. "Fred," the director said plaintively, "would you sit in my line of sight? There've been too many multiple conversations today, and I can't concentrate if you're rustling on one side." Roos moved over without a word. Tenor Luciano Pavarotti, it seemed, was not available to play an impresario cowed by the Black Hand, but Ezio Flagello or Fernando Corena might be interested. After Roos, a thin, preoccupied man who was also casting the picture, left to negotiate on another phone, a more urgent call came through. There was trouble at Tara.

Coppola and Skager had been away from Zoetrope for ten weeks, shooting *The Godfather, Part II*. One of their associates there was upset by rumors around the studio that Coppola was going to sell his operation and leave town. "What are you talking about?" soothed Skager. "No one is closing anything down. Yes, Francis has an apartment in New York now. But he isn't moving. No, no, you're confused about the new office building he's gotten on Kearny Street. Ed, we have just moved our bodies from one point to another." Having calmed the troops, Skager asked about gas, and was told lines were long at service stations and that strikes had shut down San Francisco's schools, public transportation and sewage treatment plants.

After the call, I asked Coppola why he continued to use San Francisco as a base. His reply, muted and evasive when it touched his family, was that he found the city more civilized than Los Angeles and less volatile than New York. Coppola lives in a Queen Anne row house with his Irish

Coppola (left) with Gene Hackman at American Zoetrope—the studio that doubled as a set for *The Conversation*.

wife, Eleanor, and their children—two boys and a baby girl. They have three cars: a two-seater Honda coupe, a Cortez mobile home for "meditating in the hills" and a Mercedes-Benz limousine (seen briefly in *The Conversation*) assigned to Zoetrope. He is not a civic presence and rarely goes on the cocktail circuit.

Coppola's lifestyle is incomprehensible to directors Peter Bogdanovich (*The Last Picture Show, Paper Moon*) and William Friedkin (*The French Connection, The Exorcist*), his partners in the Directors Company. "I can't understand what he does up there," said Bogdanovich, who is based in Hollywood. "I hope Francis has the sense not to become a guru," Friedkin commented. Coppola was amused by their perplexion. "There are opportunities to grow in San Francisco in unspectacular ways. I've directed professional opera [Von Einam's contemporary *The Visit of the Old Lady*, with Regina Resnik], a play [Noel Coward's *Private Lives*, which he cast with local actors], and next fall I'm going to open a small repertory company in a 300-seat theater called The Little Fox," furnished from 20th Century Fox auctions. "The stage directors that I know all want to be film directors," Coppola said. "I want to work the other way. We'll try out scripts at our own speed, and then give the more successful ones a public run. Maybe a film will be made afterwards. We wouldn't be exporting productions to Broadway."

All of this is threatened by the Midas-touch legend that clings to him. "People keep interfering," Coppola said. "I thought I was through doing screenplays for other directors, and then Paramount offers a lot of money to do a second script for *The Great Gatsby*. The original screenplay was written by Truman Capote—who took interesting liberties, like flashbacks and dream sequences—but the studio rejected it because they wanted a straight adaptation of Fitzgerald's novel." What does Coppola think of *The Great Gatsby*? He wishes that he had directed the screenplay himself, that critics could see the master shooting script and determine how much was Coppola and how much was Jack Clayton, the director. Whatever its ultimate impact, *The Great Gatsby* may produce other writing offers that could delay Coppola's plans in San Francisco.

Another danger is *The Godfather, Part II*, which the director conceives as "a second three-hour film that could be shown back-to-back with *Part I*" without a loss of continuity—the gangster equivalent of Troell's *The Emigrants* and *The New Land*. The screenplay, which follows the family business of Michael Corleone to 1960, was written by Puzo and Coppola, but Puzo, who suffered a heart attack recently, has no current plans to write a second *Godfather* novel before the sequel comes out. The actors whose characters survived *Part I* are continuing their roles, but there are new faces: Robert de Niro, cast as the young Vito Corleone in the absence of Marlon Brando; Lee Strasberg, the Method director making his first screen appearance in years; and Carmine Caridi and Danny Aiello as the Rosatos—the first fresh from *That Championship Season*, the second from the locker room of *Bang the Drum Slowly*.

"I am involved in the sequel only because Charles Bluhdorn, a tempestuous and persuasive man, asked me personally to do it," Coppola explained. "Bluhdorn told me that I couldn't give up the formula for Coca-Cola."

To sweeten the pot, the Gulf & Western chairman offered Coppola $500,000, a higher percentage of the profit and total freedom to write, produce and direct *The Godfather, Part II*. "We also arranged for *The Conversation* to be released through the Directors Company," Coppola said. "That was the clincher."

If *Part II* earns another fortune, would Coppola direct *Part III*, perhaps taking the Corleone grandchildren into the Nixon era? "God, I hope not," he said fervently.

The director's non-lunch hour was over. Outside, the sunlight on Sixth Avenue was stronger than before. Coppola said goodbye and trudged back to work, limping slightly. I stayed to watch for a moment, and saw a young junkie, his eyes bloodshot, pleading with a sidewalk guard. "Man," he said, "I have to get into that house. Yeah, I live there." Finally past the barricade, the kid made an obscene gesture with his arm before running into a tenement. After observing the shooting from an upstairs window, he bounded out rejuvenated and danced down the sidewalk past Coppola and the camera crew. The youth patted a horse hauling a pastry cart, whistled at Mona Skager, banged the hood of a parked limousine and was gone around a corner; in that moment he could have been Alfred Pacino on the streets of the Bronx a generation ago.

"That's the most life we've had on the set today," Coppola muttered, and ordered the awnings lowered for another try. ●

MOVIES

Loving Blythe and hating *Molly*

By Frank Rich

Women—you remember women—have been absent from American movies for so long that it's hard to keep from going bananas when one actually turns up on the screen for more than a three-minute cameo. After a year dominated by male romances of one kind or another (*Scarecrow, Kid Blue, Mean Streets, Bang the Drum Slowly, Busting, The Super Cops, The Last Detail, The Sting,* ad nauseam), an aesthetic horniness can take over one's consciousness—going to see an American picture in recent times has often seemed to be the moral equivalent of war. This may explain why I am sitting here on the verge of writing poems to a young actress named Blythe Danner; I'm so grateful to see a woman, any woman, at the center of an American film that I cannot resist the temptation to respond as rashly and uncritically as a sailor encountering his first B-girl after six months at sea. On the other hand, I think I can be objective about this, I really do. And looking objectively at Danner—speaking with all cold candor—detaching myself intellectually—I can conclude—without equivocation, of course—that I am deliriously and hopelessly in love with her.

This actress, who is best known to date through her work on Broadway (*Butterflies Are Free*) and television (the now defunct *Adam's Rib*), is so good that her sheer transcendent strength alone may raise an otherwise wretched new film, **Lovin' Molly**, to footnote status in the annals of Hollywood. Danner's portrayal of the title character, a free-spirited woman of rural Texas who grows up with the twentieth century, is a rapturous original: a creature of skittish tensions who confounds our pat expectations of eroticism and human warmth. Her talent floods over *Lovin' Molly* like clean rain over a sewer, and, like so many of our best movie actresses, she's beautiful in ways that can never be pinned down in still photographs.

At first glance, Danner may strike you as nothing special. Her face and body are fulsome; in the home-on-the-range context of *Lovin' Molly*, she often appears downright bovine. But then you pick up on her eyes—big blue ones that can express both ache and joy in a multitude of permutations—and then, especially, the voice. It's an instrument of throaty timbre, often stranded on an oasis that borders simultaneously on laughing, crying and croaking—and all the better for the ambiguity. Although Danner's looks might be described as Liv Ullmann-esque, her voice is redolent of those eccentric geographical crosscurrents that could only be American. Words dance out of her mouth in unlikely patterns that all the training in the world cannot buy: her cadences breathe

Blythe Danner, who may raise Lumet's *Lovin' Molly* to footnote status.

layers of mysterious emotion into the most mundane lines. During some moments she reminds me of Jean Arthur, if Arthur had greater depth; during others, Judy Holliday, minus the *yente*-like bubbliness, comes to mind. If only Blythe Danner had a director like George Cukor to frame her in movies worthy of the name.

Instead she has, at least for the nonce, one Sidney Lumet. Sidney Lumet—I just don't know what to make of Sidney Lumet. He has made some pretty good movies (*Long Day's Journey, Bye, Bye Braverman*), some okay movies (*Serpico, The Pawnbroker*) and a reasonable amount of junk (*The Anderson Tapes, Child's Play*). He isn't great by any stretch of the imagination, and yet he isn't awful either. Still, most of his better films seem to have made it for reasons that pertain to the quality of individual performances, scripts and his undeniable taste for classy projects rather than any moviemaking sense; if anything links Lumet's pictures together, it is that they almost always appear to have been slapped together in a haphazard fashion—as if the director were dying to take a leak the whole time he was in production. Such recklessness forecloses the possibility that he might save mediocre material and often leads him to squander the best.

Lovin' Molly falls into this last category, since it springs from Larry McMurtry's second and arguably best novel, *Leaving Cheyenne*. Given that two fine but lesser McMurtry fictions have already served as the basis for successful films (*The Last Picture Show* and *Hud*, the latter based on the author's *Horseman, Pass By*), one might presume that Lumet and his erstwhile screenwriter, Stephen Friedman, have everyone up to and including God on their side this time around. No such luck. Somehow butterfingers and what often seems to be sheer stupidity reduce *Leaving Cheyenne* to a pile of plain old leavings.

Those who are familiar with the original novel may be especially resentful, though I hasten to point out that reading *Leaving Cheyenne* is not a prerequisite for disdaining *Molly*. McMurtry's book is about a most unique love triangle between two men and a woman—one that unfolds over a lifetime against the background of a tough and vanishing Texas frontier. It's a rich tale of the possibilities of love in all its forms; at the most concrete level, the book is an account of how three very different and equally admirable people can come to terms with their feelings for each other on an emotional plane that defies society's conventions of macho-male friendship, monogamy and marriage. Molly, though marrying another for reasons of her own, is best friend and lover to both Gid, a prosperous landowner with a Puritan conscience, and Johnny, an easygoing ranch hand, from their young adulthood to death—even as Gid and Johnny remain as close as brothers.

What is moving and insightful in

Leaving Cheyenne comes out as high comedy in the film version. The principal—but far from only—reason for this is the way in which Friedman and Lumet warp and finally destroy McMurtry's carefully developed sense of time. Like the book, the movie deals with only three intervals in the protagonists' lives, each separated from the other by two decades and each narrated by a different member of the trio. But while the texture of McMurtry's writing and the shifts in narrative voice give the short novel the weight of its chronological reach, all that's left in the movie are three title cards to tell us what year we're in (1925, 1945 and 1964) and three colorless voice-over monologues that might just as well be read by a single character. Lumet's pacing is so brisk—almost all the scenes pass in a flash—that, were it not for those title cards and the changing styles of automobiles, one might think the whole story takes place in two weeks. What should be a ballad of eternal dimensions is instead a slapstick game of musical beds, now and then interrupted by stagy fist fights and banal debates over the "right and wrong" of it all. Concurrent with this difficulty is the way Lumet eliminates the lonely Texas space that isolates Molly, Gid and Johnny from each other so much of the time in the novel. Even though he filmed on location, the director proceeds as if he were making yet another movie in New York City, never once using the camera or editing to establish the slower rhythms of this particular stretch of the West.

The narrative voice-over yakking also accentuates *Lovin' Molly*'s speed-freak manner. At first Lumet and Friedman lean on the narration in order to fill in feelings and characterization that they are apparently incapable of dramatizing; after a while they employ it as a substitute for events. When the second section opens with Molly breaking into a nonstop recitation of births, deaths and marriages that have occurred in the intervening two decades, you know there's going to be trouble in River City. And, sure enough, from that point on the soundtrack takes over the movie—to the point where nearly all the scenes become picture postcards that must be fleshed out by the prosaic paragraphs of the storytellers. It's a good thing Lumet wasn't around in the silent-movie era, for his idea of cinematic pioneering might have been to dispense with images for the sake of dialogue cards.

I can't begin to touch on everything else that runs wild in *Lovin' Molly*—including about five elegiac horses too many—but I do feel especially sorry for one principal victim of the mess, Anthony Perkins as Gid. Perkins is one of my favorite screen actors, a special one whose quirky presence is an intrinsic part of the greatness of movies like Hitchcock's *Psycho* and Chabrol's *The Champagne Murders*. Nonetheless, he is not and never will be a gawky kid again, and to watch him at 40, prancing around as a 20-year-old in *Lovin' Molly*'s first section, is, to put it politely, an embarrassment. Like everyone in the picture, he lacks the proper accent (worse, his ersatz twang is more pronounced in the post-dubbed narration than in the scenes), but it's the technical gaffes of others that turn a bad performance into a hideous humiliation. His "cowboy" costumes, or whatever they're supposed to be, are more faithful to the spirit of Seventh Avenue than the great outdoors; the makeup artists, who are fairly kind to Danner and Beau Bridges (a grinning, dopey fool with an unnerving Andy Devine voice as Johnny), are cruel in Perkins' case. In the old-age sequence, he looks like a powder-haired Father Time in a junior-high-school New Year's pageant.

Pity, then, poor Blythe Danner, who single-handedly must convey McMurtry's magnificently enlightened understanding of how a woman can give and take from a variety of men (not only Gid and Johnny, but a husband, two sons and a father) without degrading herself or compromising her bountiful emotional integrity. She succeeds more than she has any right to, all things considered, and, no matter what happens to her in the future (great things, I expect), I'll always adore her for her sunny, open gestures: such as the way she bunches up her work shirt to show off a pregnant stomach, or the way she greets Gid ecstatically by running a fluttery hand down his forehead, his nose, his mouth and neck.

While Lumet somehow fails to gut these pleasures, he has been unable to restrain himself from ending his film on a most distasteful note. As in the book, the movie closes with a final glance of Molly in front of the schoolhouse where we first met her, once again young and expectant in a plain flowered dress. All of a sudden, just as we think the director will allow us to sit back and bask for a final time in Danner's glow, the camera starts circling her, trees splintering our field of vision as it does so. Merely another dumb gimmick? Not quite. Lumet has done nothing less than shamelessly appropriate the devastating finale of Arthur Penn's *Alice's Restaurant* in a last-ditch attempt to salvage his own tawdry effort. Which explains why I ended up not so much loving Molly as wanting to call the police.

Alan Bates as Butley: a marvelous creation, but what is it all about?

Butley. Simon Gray's bitter, comic play about a London university professor who is too articulate and witty for his own damn good actually gains a little velocity in this American Film Theatre rendition, which, like the original 1971 London stage production, stars Alan Bates and has been directed by Harold Pinter. (There was also a Broadway version in 1972, with Bates but without Pinter.) The reason for the movie's advantage is clear enough: the star is the whole show, the camera brings us closer to him, and Bates is one of a very few actors who can successfully hold the screen for such an extended period of time. His Butley is a marvelous figure, a walking carnival of bitchiness and falsetto-pitched Beatrix Potter rhymes, frenetically drinking and smoking up each

hour he spends in his ash can of an office. But what is this play about, anyway? Butley has lost both his wife and gay flatmate to other men on the same dreary day—yet still he spews the venom at friend and foe alike, hammering every last nail into his own lonely coffin. Could the reason for Butley's never-ending shower of abuse turn out to be that, well, he hates himself most of all? So one assumes from the drama's denouement, and that's a pretty thin and unrewarding climactic insight into a character we've come to find so fascinating. The play works better when it settles for Wildeesque aphorisms (as patently theatrical as they may be) and spirited sideswipes at academia—all very funny in Bates' hands. Or when it gives us a verbally violent power struggle (such as one between Butley and his roommate's new lover)— the kind of scene Pinter can direct with his eyes closed. Just the same, something tells me that Simon Gray is the British Paul Zindel; *Butley* is his *Man-in-the-Moon-Marigolds* . . . now it's downhill to the bottom, where he'll meet his *Mame*.

Our Time. Another mindless attempt to recapture the past and rekindle the box-office fires once set by Robert Mulligan's *Summer of '42*. The setting is a schnitzy New England girls boarding school and the time is the pre-rock-and-roll days of 1955—maybe a good year for Bordeaux and Cinemascope, but apparently a dull one for being alive and in love. The story concerns two seniors—one "popular," the other an ugly duckling additionally afflicted by what used to be called "personality"—and how they come to "go all the way" by graduation time. One of our heroines goes a bit too far, though, and must seek an abortion—both to save face and be faithful to her budding women's lib consciousness. That may sound interesting, but, as it turns out, the girl's ultimate martyrdom to her principles has less to do with ideology than with the desire of desperate moviemakers to plunder their material for any hokey touch they can. The cheap and manipulative screenplay is the work of one Jane C. Stanton, whose affection for gags about rubbers is as derivative as it is unwarranted. Director Peter Hyams, who already has *Busting* to his credit this season, suffuses every shot with a golden glow that would be more appropriate to a feminine "hygiene spray" commercial than this or any other movie. Stars Pamela Sue Martin, Betsy Slade, Parker Stevenson and George O'Hanlon Jr.—as the two girls and their fellas—are, one hopes, as well off as the characters they play. If not, they better start lining up careers for which they are better suited than acting—like modeling for Brooks Brothers.

TV

Tinsel, tedium and Oscar on Hollywood's "night of nights"

By Stuart Werbin

Last night the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences honored Groucho Marx, gave the supporting actress award to a nine-year-old superstar dressed like a penguin, saw a post-graduate streaker interrupt a rendezvous between David Niven and Elizabeth Taylor, and this morning I'm the only person I know who didn't think it was boring. Dick Whittington, who reported on the festivities for NBC's *Tomorrow Show*, which followed the Oscars live, claimed that most of the gala horde spent the evening watching Edy (last of the female sex symbols) Williams decked out in a leopard-skin bikini sleeping in her seat.

The consensus was that the most boring moments occurred during John Huston's monologue, in which he chastised the four generations of settlers in the film colony for being bored. Mr. Huston, who a few years ago cast himself as the voice of God in his own version of the Bible, *was* a bit ponderous, and yet his speech contained a great deal more depth than the confused thousand or so words this year's "best actor," Jack Lemmon, delivered the previous week at the James Cagney Testimonial. The primary concern of the Academy seemed to be to restore some of the respect for their coveted little brazen gold image, which it felt to be diminished first by General George C. Scott's refusal to accept his award at all, and then by Marlon Brando's sending a future center-spread girl to refuse the token on behalf of all the Indians whose humiliation has been big box office since C.B. De Mille's *The Squaw Man* started the migration of filmmakers from Mamaroneck, New York, to Hollywood, California.

For entertainment we got Liza Minnelli, who was well applauded for opening the event with a musical number that had to remind the dream merchants of her mother in their own favorite movie about themselves (*A Star Is Born*), yet they couldn't stretch the fantasy far enough to accept Huston as the

Jack Lemmon: the Oscar remains the biggy.

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1974 incarnation of Norman Maine and enjoy him. Katharine Hepburn, who was absent the three times she won the award, finally showed up, her voice of voices laggard by age and a struggle with Parkinson's Disease, and received the biggest ovation of the night. The clapping was so loud that Robert Redford was supposed to hear it in Utah. Answer to the question why Redford wasn't there seems most easily explained by the simple statement that the man doesn't like to be bored if he doesn't have to be. You'll also remember he passed on attending the opening of *The Great Gatsby*.

Appearing on *The Tomorrow Show*, Jon Landau (national film critic and husband of Janet Maslin) summed up the problem most concisely by pointing out that no matter how disappointed and rooked we feel after watching the presentation, we find ourselves tingling with anticipation of *something* again the next year. Nobody is really sure what that is, besides another test of our own prophesies. The rest of the year is filled with award ceremonies on television, but the Oscar remains the biggy. 250,000,000 watch it across the globe, the great Frank Capra claimed, and here lies the command neuron for the film colony's defensiveness. 250,000,000 people is more than ten times the number of people who will see either *The Sting* or *The Exorcist* until they come to television in their edited forms. This is the biggest audience Hollywood's finest play to each year, and yet they've never done it exceptionally well. Each year they get great ratings and lousy reviews.

I personally enjoyed the program. I thought it was great that Cybill Shepherd kept getting the nominated pictures mixed up with her boyfriend's movies. *The Paper Chase* to her was *Paper Moon* and *The Last Detail* slipped through her cover-girl lip balm as *The Last Picture Show*. Undoubtedly, if she had to say "Bertolucci," it would have come out Bogdanovich. But then again I watch the Miss America Pageant with the one great hope that some night the reigning Queen of Marvin Gardens will step on her royal gown and go tumbling crown over keester down the staircase. To me the perfect ending to the Oscars would have been if the streaker turned out to be a disguised (disguise?) Jesuit priest, come to condemn George Roy Hill for making a film about gambling.

I doubt, however, that most of the members of the Academy think the same way as I do, especially the old guard. Presumably, other ways to alleviate the boredom are being sought. In one man-

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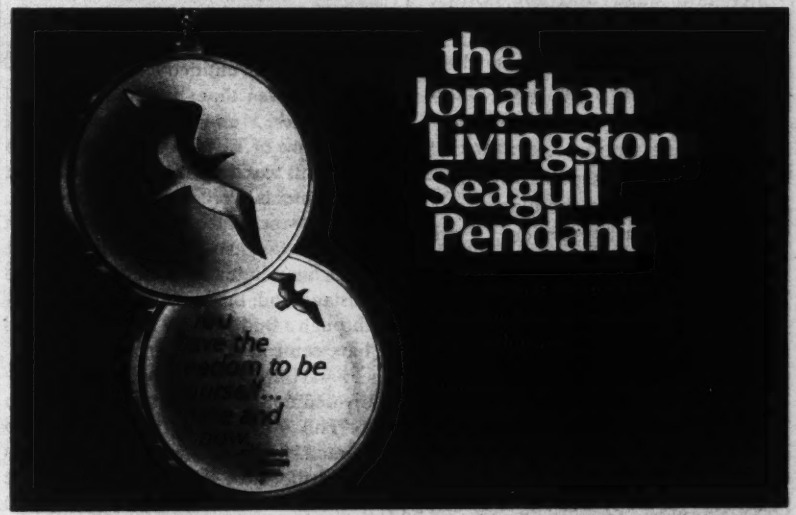

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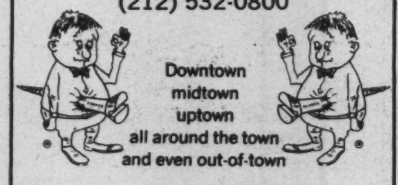

ner it is more important than ever for the Academy to come up with a better show, because they are swiftly losing points in the war of love and hate they continue to endure with television. Not only have the networks become the place film companies must go to recoup the losses on movies that finish their theatrical runs in the red, but 1973/74 was the season that CBS (*Miss Jane Pittman* and *Pvt. Eddie Slovic*) and NBC (*A Case of Rape*) learned that by spending a million dollars they could produce some pretty decent fare for their own use, on subjects that the allegedly braver theatrical filmmakers have been avoiding. Also, ABC's two-part, four-hour tribute to the movies, which employed clips from 110 Hollywood films, guided by executive producer George Cukor, moved faster and entertained more than the three-hour "night of nights" on NBC. It was not quite up to par with PBS's marvelous *The Men Who Made the Movies* series from earlier in the season, but it proved again that TV is better at relating to the movies than the Academy of Arts and Sciences is at relating to TV. One solace is still left for the motion picture industry. The Television Academy must follow next with their Emmys, and at this writing they're still arguing over how many awards to give, let alone how to give them.

MUSIC

Would you buy a used lamé suit from this man?

By Janet Maslin

In the spring of 1970 Phil Ochs went down in a blaze of glory—or, more accurately, in a blaze of gold lamé. The setting was Carnegie Hall, the mood was turbulent and the audience was one that should have known better. His last album had been entitled *Phil Ochs' Greatest Hits*, even though it contained only new material and its cover photo (Phil in a copy of Elvis Presley's celebrated gold suit) was a good indication of what the contents were like (rock and roll, with his voice at the breaking point and a band playing so loud the lyrics were often inaudible). So when Phil leaped onstage and began to be-bop his way through a Buddy Holly medley, it should have come as no real surprise.

However, the crowd immediately divided up into tolerant types willing to let Phil do his thing and purists who wanted to hear "Changes." The purists made the most noise, livening up the evening with a serious bomb threat and the most tasteless of catcalls. But for all their shouting, they were overruled; Phil stuck to his guns and crooned numbers like "Maybe Baby" despite the jeers. The evening didn't end entirely happily, but it felt historic just the same; in a way, that show's intermingling of serious politics, bourgeois splendor and downright bitterness marked the last gasp of movement music as we then knew it.

Phil hasn't been heard from much since then, for the very good reason that there hasn't been much to hear. Even by 1970, his songwriting abilities had more or less dried up, a problem that had surely helped nurture his interest in oldies. In 1972 he wrote a theme song for Raquel Welch's roller derby movie, *The Kansas City Bomber*, but the film's producers decided not to use it. And since then he has enlarged his repertoire with only 1½ new songs, both very much in his early mold. "How High's the Watergate, Mama?" is his Johnny Cash parody, and "Here's to the State of Richard Nixon" is an update of a song he wrote about Mississippi years ago. The latter was issued by A & M as a single, together with a full page ad in *Billboard*, of which Phil is quite proud. This is the first time a record company has ever invested such a splashy Top-40 effort in him, and, comebackwise, he thinks it's a good omen.

I don't see Phil's comeback chances as optimistically as he does, but then I don't understand the standing ovation I saw him get last week either. He played selected oldies to a packed house of 500 admirers in Harvard Square, admirers so loyal they didn't notice the changes in his voice—he was strangled by three bandits in Tanzania last October and will probably never be able to hit the high notes again. Nor did they notice the weight he'd gained, or the four beers he gulped down during the show. Matter of fact, they even enjoyed the encore. He disappeared abruptly from the stage, announcing there'd be a

"very special guest" in two minutes, and then he reappeared, a chubby golden vision. "Hi," he said, "my name's Elvis Presley and I just came to personally thank my old pal Phil Ochs for stickin' up for me all these years."

Phil's efforts at mythmaking have not been solely devoted to Elvis, of course; he's worked quite diligently on his own case, too, especially lately. Earlier that day we'd gone into a crowded collegiate juke joint (no one seemed to recognize him, what with the extra weight and glasses), and it turned out his leather jacket concealed great wads of memorabilia. He keeps notebooks filled with phone numbers, odd photos and notes scribbled in a childish hand (his writing arm is still healing from a falling-out he had with a wall), and he says he has to keep a record of his life now because "my memory's bad, I drink too much. I've had some fabulous times over the years and now I can't remember any of it."

His current notebook includes photos of Houdini, Jacqueline Bisset ("for sexist reasons"), Norman Mailer's ex-wives, Mackenzie Phillips (John's daughter), John Wayne, David Geffen (on the cover of *Movie Mirror*), the Kennedy and Rosenberg children. His current wallet contains one press card (*L.A. Free Press*), one passport photo (Jerry Rubin's) and two wallet-sized calendars of rock giants (Elvis in white spangles, Phil in the same old lamé). He carries the actual suit with him, bunched up into a plastic bag—or half of it anyway, since someone stole the jacket and he's had to order a new one from Nudie, the L.A. couturier who specializes in such things. The new jacket doesn't match the old pants because Nudie doesn't use the right lamé any more. Actually, Phil thinks the new jacket looks a little cheap.

Phil's consummate stab at mythmaking is the new album he carries with him, an album not yet available anywhere except in Canada and Japan, where it's been issued as something of an experiment. The title is *Gunfight At Carnegie Hall*, and the cover art is pure Phil—attempted B-movie chic, shapely starlet and all, with an inscription that reads like so: "With a gun in one hand . . . and a guitar in the other . . . he tamed a nation."

As for the album itself, it commemorates what Phil has now come to remember as the high point of his career, ten-minute Elvis medley and all. It's a likable enough collection, if you're able to detach it from the reality of the event, just like Phil's current audiences detach their old memories from the new man. Some day he's bound to immortalize this current "comeback" in much the same way.

Phil Ochs: a stab at mythmaking.

Hard Labor *Three Dog Night* (ABC). Anyone capable of coming up with cover art like this (a "funny" obstetrics report on the band's giving birth to their latest) surely deserves to make rotten records, but the Dogs continue to outfox us all. This collection sidesteps the mistake of their last (too much original material) and successfully reverts back to their old formula of finding hot writers and covering their works. As with all good Three Dog Night albums, every cut sounds like a potential single. Two songs by Danny Moore, who wrote "Shambala," stand out, as does the Allen Toussaint number that rhymes "mellow" with "jello." — **Janet Maslin**

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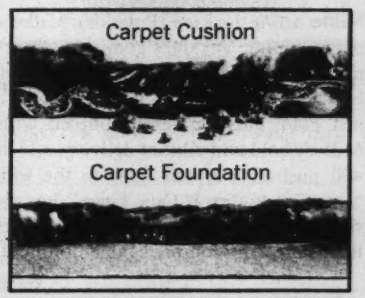

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Illusion Suite *Stanley Cowell Trio* (ECM). ECM has done it again. On this recording your head feels like it's inside the piano case, where it belongs. Cowell's conceptions aren't incredibly new, but they resound with imperial elegance in there, especially on "Astral Spiritual." The blur on your screen is Stan Clarke's magnificent bass, sounding better than ever in an acoustic context where you can hear every lightning note clearly. Occasionally, the piano can hardly keep up, but on the slow numbers it's bliss.—**Peter Occhiogrosso**

Millie *Millie Jackson* (Polydor). Millie's been around. Yet she's gone *almost* unnoticed. That is, until the release of her latest album. There is no soft soapin', just bold, gutsy material coupled with Millie's bold and vibrant delivery, which will push this album right to the top. "I've Got to Try It One Time " has already started the ball rollin'. Millie sings this tune with complete abandonment. She lays it right on the line. "My Love Is So Fly" (meaning, like dynamite), definitely a mind-blower, should follow suit. Millie's got it and she's flaunting it. She does an old Gladys Knight and The Pips tune, "Letter Full of Tears," and although she admits that she sounds a lot like Gladys (they're from the same hometown), there is Millie's undescribable charisma that shines through to bring a whole new meaning to the tune. Millie's baaad, she's steppin' high and fast and, like the title of one of her tunes, "It's Coming Out in the Wash."—**Cynthia Wilson**

Eleanor Steber Live at the Continental Baths (RCA). Back on the camp trail, RCA takes the low road with this release. Last October Ms. Steber, now 57, gave a "black tie/black towel only" concert at New York's headquarters of homophile hedonism *cum* chic, and RCA decided to capitalize on this "historic" event. Sadly, Steber went under somewhere between the rain forest humidity and the arhythmic, tone deaf accompaniment. She closed the program with *Vissi d'arte*; roughly: "I've lived my life for art and love, God. Is this the thanks I get?"Indeed.–**Stanley Boczek**

Superb Sidney *Sidney Bechet* (Columbia). This album features some of the most beautiful soprano sax work of Sidney Bechet, the only man before Coltrane to master completely the intractable tone of this now-ubiquitous instrument—and, logically, Trane's big influence on it. The emotional and virtuosic power behind cuts like "I Had It But It's All Gone Now" and "Laura" is more invigorating than a million volts of AC. One side is virtually a continuum of soprano solos, each one lovelier than the last, in which Sidney streams out his heart and art without interruption and almost without equal. Sell your last ten Archie Shepp or Zoot Sims records and buy this one.—**P.O.**

BOOKS

Serious licks from the lollipop king

By Richard Kluger

Raising Children in a Difficult Time *by Benjamin Spock,* Norton, 288 pp., $7.95.

No one as warm and kindly and sensible and devoted to social justice as Benjamin Spock can possibly be real. His good grey eminence has served as surrogate uni-parent to a couple of generations of Americans now, and as happens to most of our institutionalized soul-savers, he has become many times life-size. Dr. Spock is Father Goose. He is the Pied Piper of parenthood. But as revealed in his new book, he thinks all God's children, big and little, have lost their way, and the doctor emerges as a sort of romper-room Gandhi to set us straight.

Middle Americans who nearly fed Spock's classic *Baby and Child Care* to the shredder during the pediatrician's antiwar efforts may find this an opportune occasion. That would be a mistake, for these disclosures of his seasoned radicalism are so touchingly straightforward that they almost come out the other side as a kind of granular conservatism.

All our money and other shiny things, you see, he thinks have splayed family life in America. Our big houses and big cars should in theory have made each cellular unit of us one big happy

Dr. Benjamin Spock

bunch of bananas, but instead a spiritual rot has set in and we all dance to Mammon's jingles. The rank and file of the working class is stuck droning away on the assembly line, he notes, without the satisfaction of seeing a product or process through from start to finish. In short, most laborers are robots, and Ben Spock does not think that is very ennobling. Of course, it is precisely this division of labor, capitalism's great gift to technology, that is at the core of our mass-produced prosperity, so that if he had his way, the good doctor might disassemble and pauperize us in one well-intended blow. Presumably, there is some middle ground, but he will leave that to George Schultz and Allen Ginsberg to wrestle over. As for the strivers among us, things are even more dispiriting.

> In place of the satisfactions of individual creativity, the industrial system has substituted and extolled other pleasures: the excitement of successful competition, pride in advancement over the heads of others, the joy in earning a lot of money and in having impressive possessions. The trouble with these rewards is that they pit each man

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JUDI: I HOPE your watch runs very fast on Thursday's.

RONNIE: THANKS FOR USING THE LETTER "S" more and more each week. Sorry about Frank.

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against his fellows, and only a few can win. Groups that are discriminated against are sure to end up bitter.

Now can you beat that? Here's this savant of the lollipop set sticking his tongue depressor down our throat and telling us all we have swollen glands. Doesn't this far-outnik know that artery-busting competition is the very lifeblood of America? Well yes, he does. And he thinks it's just about time we stopped pounding our chests in the treetops and came on out of the jungle of gold. "This philosophy of each for himself," Spock writes, "worked fairly well during the rugged past, when the frontier was being pushed back and the country was being developed. But this is not adequate for the solving of some of the most urgent problems of today."

Then what does he want from us? One hesitates to reveal it, but a heresy so staggering cannot be cloaked for long. Dr. Spock's antidote to our long catalog of social ills—he cites the dizzying divorce rate, general marital and other familial uptightness, rampant crime and delinquency, drug addiction and alcoholism, intensifying racial hatred and an often "ruthless and dangerous foreign policy"—is love. Yes, Benjamin Spock is the ultimate flower-person. If we are to survive, he says, Americans in far greater numbers "will have to be inspired by a quite different ideal—that of loving service to our fellow beings, whether the work we do is in a big industry or in a small shop or office, whether it is paid or volunteer, whether it is outside or inside the home." If he had one gift to bestow upon children, he says, it would be this sense of lovingness, a kind of unhostile pulling-togetherness, that he believes has been drained from this continent.

Benjamin Spock is, of course, entirely serious. His very sobriety and dignity forestall charges that he is a rainbow-chaser. And as he moves from the general to the specific, he endorses enough squishy-liberal public policies and private preferences to pass muster with Jane Fonda. Like ending the medieval ban on marijuana, the wide subterranean use of which, in defiance of cruel and scientifically insupportable laws, undermines respect for all law. Like approving of young couples in their 20s who want to live together without unction of either church or state. Like not giving kids toy guns or letting them watch gore operas on TV. Like urging government to pay parents who stay home to care for preschoolers instead of pulling down a salary because there are few adequate day-care centers. Like thinking that if you care enough to send the very best, it ought to be a homemade greeting card. Why, Ben Spock even thinks tickling babies is unfair (". . . they are too small to protect themselves"). Now what can you do with a beautiful man like that? Offhand, I'd suggest putting him in the White House for awhile.

Lest all this be taken as evidence that the doctor is trying out for Walter Lippmann's cleanup spot in the batting order of American punditry, parents are advised that there is a good deal of no-nonsense coaching here to the effect that a loving home is not achieved by pampering the small fry. In fact, "The commonest problem in child-rearing today," he says, is hesitant parents, afraid to be firm lest they uncork Junior's fury. But children badly want their folks to draw the line and punish them if they cross it, and they will keep bouncing off the walls like the Cat in the Hat on a binge unless and until they are corraled. The worst saps of all, Spock thinks, are fathers who just want to be pals without having to bare their fangs from time to time to let Shorty know who's in charge.

No need to play Attila to get children to shape up, says Doc Spock. That defeats the whole love thing. Parental muscle just invites juvenile reprisals, "whereas parental warmth, serenity [and] politeness help to induce reasonableness." These qualities are the key to coping ably with a great many problem areas in family upbringing that are discussed here with relaxed but switched-on sensitivity. There are chalk talks on how to let a youngster born out of wedlock know about it, why grandparents are handy on days other than Thanksgiving, how to search out and destroy penis envy, the way a divorced parent ought to talk about an ex-spouse in front of the kids (nicely-nicely, thank you), why you ought not disown your Andy Hardy for trying a little pot against your ban or pack your Heidi off to college with a mandatory I.U.D. in place (let *her* decide about that after a doctor's counsel).

Spock's pen writes as if dipped in Cream o' Wheat, but his messages are clear enough. Except for the disclosure that his own children have always been permitted to call him by his first name (how *dare* they!), almost everything about *Raising Children in a Difficult Time* seems to me uncommonly wise and commendable. His politics may be more Peter Pan than Richard Daley, but I'll buy that swap any day. Benjamin Spock is a pediatrician for all seasons.

37 THINGS YOU MAY WANT TO BUY, SELL OR BARTER IN NEW TIMES NEW NATIONWIDE CLASSIFIED AD SECTION

1. Order a 1920 penny candy machine from a shop in St. Louis.
2. Sell fresh Florida oranges to a couple in Shaker Heights, Ohio.
3. Get a job as a creative thinker in Fresno, California—no experience necessary.
4. Buy an antique roll top desk from a retired legislator in North Carolina.
5. Sell your book on the hard evidence for life after death.
6. Support the "Impeach Nixon Drive" at a party in San Clemente.
7. Sell your services as a free-lance writer to a new magazine publisher in Austin.
8. Go on a backroads antique and auction weekend next time you visit Philadelphia.
9. Join the meal-of-the-month club in Denver.
10. Learn about the gay crisis and information line in New York.
11. Let people everywhere know you'll perform interfaith marriages.
12. Learn to scuba dive at home for fun and profit.
13. Trade the decoupage you created last year for a handmade Appalachian quilt.
14. Take a home course in car repair to get you through the Sunday shutdowns.
15. Sign up for an all singles Canadian moose hunt.
16. Get home-pickled pears from a nice grandmother in Portland.
17. Sell wild rice to a gourmet dinner club in Allentown, Pa.
18. Find a taker for your complete collection of LIFE magazines.
19. Start your own chess by mail game.
20. Swap your genius for building bookcases for a freebie "working" vacation in the Caribbean.
21. Get nationwide abortion information with one quick call.
22. Find an Aquarian Yoga studio for physical well-being and spiritual awareness.
23. Get out of your head and into body at a theatre workshop in Cincinnati.
24. Learn how to make gasoline out of trash from an inventor in Montclair, N.J.
25. Sell your 1820 Clementi Clavichord to a retired violinist in Boca Raton.
26. Buy a house-broken deer from a family in Oklahoma City.
27. Sell your collection of political campaign buttons to an eager dealer in Houston.
28. Have your puppy's personal astrological chart prepared by an expert in N.J.
29. Sell your authentic Grandfather Clock kits to do-it-themselfers from Maine to California.
30. Sail a three-masted Danish schooner from Martinique to wherever.
31. Buy your brass bed direct from the factory in West Virginia.
32. Find a collaborator for the Great American Musical Comedy
33. Sell your 1967 Iso Grifo to a racing car nut in Pocatello.
34. Save $40-$50 on sheepskin coats from England.
35. Discover Easter Island on the one airline that's flying there twice as often this year.
36. Buy an antique broom-making machine from a gent in Tennessee.
37. Simply tell someone you love them.

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The passing of the Good Ship *Hope*

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Mark Goodman

When the *S.S. Hope* first pulled into the Peruvian port of Salaverry, its team of 180 doctors, dentists and medical technicians were pelted with the old anti-colonial rallying cry, "*Yanqui*, go home!" When the ship left the South American port after nearly a year's stay, the local populace thronged the docks to cheer, "*Yanqui*, come back!"

Those sound suspiciously like the opening and closing shots from a sticky, socially conscious film of the 1930s. The remarkable thing is that both incidents really happened, and in the mid-1960s when practically no one—ourselves included—husbanded many illusions about America's international good will. Indeed, throughout the thunder and lightning of the '60s, the Good Ship *Hope* was probably the one enduring symbol of a soul-born, heartfelt, apolitical strain in the American character, the desire to help backward peoples combat the dread symbiotic twins, ignorance and disease.

Statistics never tell the proper story, but the *Hope*'s are nonetheless impressive. In the 14 years since the People-to-People Program chartered her from the Navy, the *Hope*'s dedicated staff treated 200,000 patients in 11 seaside countries, performed nearly 19,000 operations, immunized 3,000,000 people—most of whom had never seen a hypodermic needle. She left behind more than 7,000 native physicians, nurses and dentists whose practice of the healing arts benefited incalculably from her training.

Now she will sail no more. Having recently returned from Brazil on her eleventh and final voyage, she rests at anchor at the Philadelphia Naval Base, the victim of old age, inflation and a changing world. Said the founder and director of Project Hope, Dr. William B. Walsh: "She was like a very old, dear friend, but I have to look at it realistically. We have outgrown her."

Walsh's notion of a Flying Dutchman of Mercy dates back to World War II, when he served as medical officer aboard a destroyer in the Pacific. At the time, his future vessel was already afloat: as a 520-ft., 15,000-ton Navy hospital ship, the *U.S.S. Constellation.* As a ship of the line, she did yeoman service before her peacetime conversion, sailing in both WW II and the Korean War. In 1958, as a high-ranking official of the People-to-People Program, Dr. Walsh suggested to President Eisenhower that such a mothballed hospital ship would be just what the doctors of the underdeveloped world ordered. Eisenhower agreed, and the *S.S. Hope* was born.

Walsh's approach was simple, and perhaps simplistic. Noting the success of one cruise, he said: "We attracted people to the health talks two ways—with free milk and Walt Disney movies. Between Donald Duck and the milk we got a lot of Nicaraguans."

The sailing was not always silken. Just last year Susan Agnew, Spiro's spirited daughter, joined the Brazilian mission, but was forced to return home after a threat on her life.

The *Hope*, which operated strictly on donations, was itself adopted by the American charity set. Monies gleaned from glittering balls in New York and Washington were transformed into nurse's training in Tunisia, polio inoculations in Ceylon, the rehabilitation of war-crippled children in Vietnam. But it was not enough. As the old ship began to shudder and fuel prices started to soar, the cost of operating the *Hope* spiraled from $2.6 million to a hopeless $6 million annually. Finally the ship ran aground, and is likely to be relegated to the scrap heap, but Walsh still plans to intensify the program's efforts in poverty-stricken inland areas at home and abroad. But the passing of the *Hope* seems to symbolize the waning spirit of worldwide charity, foundering on the shoals of suspicion and outright antagonism between the haves and the have-nots. ●

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The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland